THE JOURNAL

WOFFORD COLLEGE

1967-1968

RECD DEC 19 1968

Wofford College Library
Spartanburg, S. C.

Presented by

PUBLICATIONS BOARD
WOFFORD COLLEGE

DEC 19 1968

This volume
is complete.

cpf.

REC'D OCT 18 1967

The Journal

October, 1967

—*Norman C. Armitage Collection*

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME 78 ● No. 1 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA OCTOBER ● 1967

Our Cover

On our cover is a picture of a section of a bas-relief frieze from Gandhara, India, which is a part of the collection of Norman C. Armitage. Dating from 150 A.D., this piece is particularly apropos to our theme in that it shows a juxtaposition and a degree of fusion of Classical (Western) and Indian (Eastern) influences.

When Alexander the Great left Northern India, some of his men remained there. These men and the establishment of trade routes from the West were the sources of the Western influences seen here.

The most apparent Classical influence is in the use of the arch, which is not present in Eastern architecture prior to this time. Another prominent evidence of Western influence is the Classical drapery of the Buddha on the left, in contrast to the bare-shouldered Indian drapery of the Buddha on the right.

The faces of the Buddhas also reveal contrasting influences; the eyes of the one on the left are more western than the slightly slanted eyes of the one on the right. Finally, the face of the figure on the left has noticeable planes and a bony look, while that of the one on the right is softer and more rounded.

Perhaps the most dramatic happening in the history of any culture is when it comes in contact with another culture of equal strength. The Gandharan frieze on the cover represents one of the first points of contact between the East and the West. The importance of this contact is only now beginning to be realized and understood.

—THE EDITOR

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

NATURAL VS. ARTIFICIAL ..... *Will Willimon* 2
THE WESTERN DILEMMA ..... *George Whitaker* 4
UNITY VS. DIVERSITY ..... *William Rivers* 6
HUMAN VALUES IN VIETNAM ..... *Capt. F. L. Garrett* 8
WOFFORD COLLEGE 75 YEARS AGO ..... *O. D. Wannamaker* 11
T. S. ELIOT: STYLE AND TECHNIQUE ..... *Jerry Chappell* 14
AMERICA'S RICH AND LUSTY DON QUIXOTE ..... *Carter Thomasson* 16
EDITORIAL ..... *William Rivers* 24

POEMS—HELMUS POETRY CONTEST WINNERS—1967

BLUE WINTER—PART TWO ..... *Harold Lawrence, Jr.* 9
A LINKAGE RUSTED BESIDE THE TRACKS ..... *Roger Bruce* 15
TIRESIAS ..... *R. W. McCredie* 17
LUNCH ..... *Herbert Kitson* 17
A BLESSING ..... *Jon Stanton* 18
EASTER MONDAY ..... *R. W. McCredie* 19
YOUNG JACKY ..... *Nash Herndon* 20
BREVITY ..... *Jim Lovelace* 21
A SUMMER SONG ..... *Will Goforth* 21
HAVING FUN ..... *Jon Stanton* 22

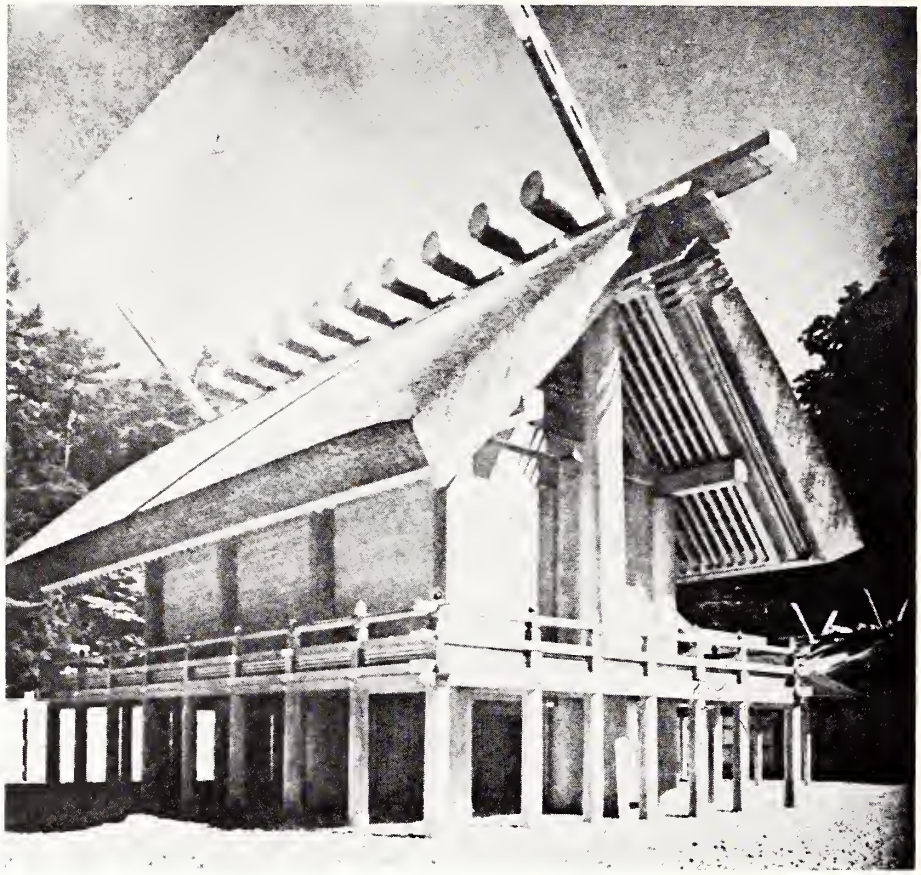
THE JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1889 VOLUME 78, NUMBER 1

Editor ..... WILLIAM RIVERS
Assistant Editor ..... HARRY MCKOWN
Business Manager ..... JOHN STEWART
Art Editor ..... WILL WILLIMON
Artist ..... DONNIE PARKER
Typist ..... JERRY CHAPPELL

THE JOURNAL is published four times during the academic year—October, December, March and May—by the students of Wofford College. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager. Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Professor Howard Pegram is advisor. Printed by The Charles P. Smith Printing Company, Greer, S. C.

Natural...



On these pages you see two buildings. One is the Greek Parthenon. The other is the fourth century Shinto shrine at Ise, in Japan. Let's say that a building is more than a container for men and their functions. It is a work of art which gives meaning to those who use it and is an expression of the way the inhabitants look at their world.

Shinto consists of a sort of vague pantheism which believes that all existence is related and that the universe partakes of divinity. It is a dynamic religion, unphilosophical or conjectoral, interested in the concrete evidences of divinity. And divinity was everywhere —trees, rocks, man, earth, birth, growth and decay.

The Ise shrine is a concrete expression of such a faith. As you see, the building is set amidst forest trees and streams. Natural materials are used in the construction. Japanese white cypress—planed smooth and left unpainted in its natural state forms the beams and posts. The thatched roof, made of strips of bark, is designed in a smooth, flowing curve. The structure is free and vigorous. The viewer's eye is allowed to move downward, upward, and out to the natural surroundings.

Every twenty years, the Ise buildings are torn down and an identical structure is built on the same spot. The new building is not regarded as a replica, but rather as a re-creation. For Shinto believes that nature does not make monuments, does not seek permanence; but lives, dies, and decays only to be reborn again.

The Acropolis of Athens is quite a change from the quiet, unpretentious Ise forest shrine.

The Parthenon on the Acropolis is built out of marble. The stone is native to the area, but remember that, unlike the Japanese, the Greeks painted their buildings in gaudy colors. The pure white marble we see today wasn't so in ancient times.

There is no rythmic invitation to come wander among the lines of this building. There is no vitality or freedom. The architect controls and limits our environment. We are looking at an intellectually precise building with a fixed set of abstract values. While the Ise shrine provides a place for quiet meditation on personal worship, the

Artificial...

Parthenon has no interior use. The worshippers remain outside during the rituals. It is like a piece of sculpture to be looked at, to worship, but never to enter into a quiet, restful sanctuary.

To the Platonist, only that which is eternal and perfect is real. Art, therefore, is an imitation of the ideal. Greek figure sculpture doesn't look like men. It looks like Gods. This building doesn't look like anything we ever saw in nature—it is a geometric abstraction. It is the idea of what the Platonist thinks or hopes is in nature. For such a person, mathematics is the prime example of unchanging, eternal reality. So here we have a mathematical building. In fact, there are even a number of intentional architectural distortions such as a curving pediment and steps, slanting end columns, etc., in order to make the building appear to be mathematically perfect. Purity and perfection are achieved, even at the cost of distorting the natural appearance of the building. Unlike the Ise shrine, this structure does not welcome men to come and be one with nature, rather it stirs them to seek the ideal, to conquer nature and impose rational order and eternity on that which seems irrational and temporal.

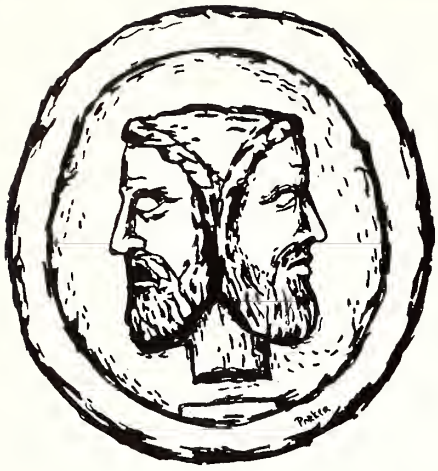
How does the building relate to its surroundings? There is no attempt to absorb and adapt the landscape but rather an attempt to change it. Here is the world not as it is, but as we would like it to be—perfect, immutable, noble.

When you think of Athens, you think of the Parthenon. The old Greek gods are dead, but the sacredness of the Parthenon lives on in the minds of the West.

I remember walking amidst the clamor of Athens streets one hot summer day. I looked up and saw the Parthenon standing on the Acropolis, high above the city. In the day it is gleaming white in the Mediterranian sun, at night floodlights are put around it to give it a golden glow. You can see it all the time, no matter where you are in Athens.

I left the street and plodded up the Propylaia to the top of the Acropolis around noon in August. There is not a patch of green up there—only hard, white stone. It was hot up there. The

(Continued on Page Twenty)



The Western Dilemma

Western man has been reared upon a tradition of *this* and *that*. We are speaking of worlds—or rather, of one world in which is seen many bases of meaning and modes of action, between which we must make a choice. There is the world of the morally good and there is the world of the morally bad; there is the world of business, of politics, and there is the world of sincere personal relationships; there is the world of reality (which, in the sense of "the way things *really* are," has come to be synonymous with wickedness) and there is the world of non-reality (called happiness); there is the world of the physical and there is the world of the spiritual; philosophically there is the world of the senses and there is the world of the mind. The list could go on. In man's frenzied search for meaning, he feels himself confronted with two worlds, only one of which holds a meaning for him. Often he finds himself performing meaningless action in both worlds; and equally often he finds himself, as Dante observed trying to shove a meaning into the world he chooses to perceive. That there may be only one world into which we come into existence, act, and *in* which world only as a unity can we find a meaning, has seldom occurred to us.

What has caused this duality of worlds for Western man? To analyze the cause of the split is not my intention. I intend in this essay to present some specific works of literature, hoping to show that by looking at how each artist perceived the age in which he wrote, we can see for ourselves the development of this duality.

We must start at the beginning of Western literature, the Greek, where we find that we actually inherit a strong tradition of classical honesty. For Homer, no duality of worlds existed at all. He made no rationalizations about the state of man; he made no judgements about man's necessity of choosing the one world in which there was meaning and rejecting the other. Man was completely responsible for himself as man. The world in Homer's *Iliad* is one of brutality; the intensity of man's existence is war. We find no conception of good, virtuous, and loving gods on whom man must pattern his life, for the gods are even more brutal than man. Possessing unlimited power and having no fear of death, they can eternally do as they please, as would any man, were he to become a god. If man is to come to any moral understanding, therefore, if any kind of moral world is to evolve, it must come from man himself, for there is none already in existence that he may choose. The meaning of man's existence is not found in any transcendent realm, but in his own human action.

As further example of this classical honesty, we can look at Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. The mythical tradition, though probably dead by Homer's time, was nevertheless taken by Ovid as his mode of expression. There exists in the myth not a duality of meaning, but a precise definition of man as he is; not a symbol of some moral error in man, but a concrete image or metaphor, which is the thing itself which man is. Ovid uses the myths to show the results of man's failure to find meaning within the world. Man, failing to find his meaning, failing to recognize the "divine" which is inherent *in* the world, is metamorphosed into something inhuman. [Actaeon, the hunter, coming suddenly upon Diana (the goddess of the hunt), is transformed into a stag and is torn apart by his own hounds.] And man's mythical transformation is the concrete image of what that man actually is.

Homer and Ovid were not concerned

with making moral judgements, for the bases for such judgements were in man himself; they were concerned, therefore, with defining man as completely as they could. This *definition* is continued by Dante. Man is in hell, but not as a punishment. For this is only Dante's particular mode of defining men: his hell is one of choice, and this we must remember, but it is not a choice between any sort of good or evil. It is rather a choice of what particular mode of action a man will take in the world. It may bring suffering, too, just as man's action entailed suffering for Homer. But a man would not choose otherwise. Here too, a man's life is—a man is—simply what he does. Inextricably related to what one does is what he desires and what he understands. For what man does is what he chooses, and therefore desires, to do. Man becomes (as seen in Ovid) exactly what he does, and what he desires is in accord only with his understanding of the world in which he must make his choices. Again, the choice is for a particular mode of action based on the meaning man perceives *in* that action, *in* the world.

But suppose man finds no meaning in the world—fails to recognize the divine, as Ovid would say? His choice may be in accord with his understanding that there is no meaning in the world. He then tries to force into the world what he does consider meaning. Always failing, he burns, as Dante shows.

Through Dante we have seen how the literary artists were concerned with defining man as he is. We have seen how for them there was only the one world in which man had to make a choice of action, an action based upon his understanding of that world. But we notice that Dante began to see man's futile attempts to force meaning into the world, implying that there may be another realm in which there *is* meaning.

This split of which we see signs in Dante is, in Chaucer's time, well on its way. Man's failure to find meaning in the world and his futile attempts to force meaning into it, has caused the world to be considered even more as meaningless, even wicked and corrupt. In Chaucer we see the beginning of a choice, not for a particular mode of action, but between the acceptance of this world or the rejection of it. This rejection of the world, rather than the acting in the framework of meaning *in* the world, was man's virtue. Literature in Chaucer's time was still concerned with defining man, but the definition was of man in a meaningless world. (Note the tone of Chaucer's description of his Canterbury pilgrims. It is one of a man aware of the hypocrisy of most men, and of the rest as fools.) And in such a world where all man did was meaningless, the only man who could succeed (though this was nothing more than rising to the top of this heap of meaninglessness) was the panderer (cf. *Troilus and Cressida*)—the one who could manipulate the meaninglessness. (See also Moliere's *Tartuffe*, three centuries later; there is still some of the classic honesty left, but the world described, like Chaucer's, is one of hypocrites and fools.)

After Chaucer the split becomes complete. Machiavelli, for example, is later to take for granted that there are two worlds, the good and the bad—the good being something men claim to live by, but the bad being the way things actually are—the successful manipulator, the prince, therefore, though he must claim to live by the one, must learn to act by the other. He must be like the lion and the fox (In Ovid—the myth—such a man would have been metamorphosed into such a creature.). Men are to assume that a split exists, that the world is one of corruption; and literature, therefore, having begun by the time of Shakespeare's definitions of specific faults in men, is to be concerned with a diagnosis of this corruption. Artists have still been concerned with defining, but now it has been done with the intent of getting us to see the disease.

This split is most evident in the literary tradition known as the romantic, in which corruption of the world culminates into horror, filth, and vicious brutality, which must be gotten away from. Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* serves as perhaps the best example of the romantic perception. Dosteovsky's world is certainly diseased, and it is so as a result of man's own doing (Though pain was a result of man's actions for the Greeks and Dante, this suffering was definitely not a disease.). Man has made his world the way it is because he has not been aware of that which transcends mere earthly meaning. Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare saw corruption also, and they presented aspects of it and dealt with problems of existence. But they did not see the world as filth, as squalor and ugliness, as did Dostoevsky. Dostoevsky means to show the way to get out of this filth, which to him and other romantics was by knowing one's true emotions, by living according to an understanding of these emotions, and by coming to a true understanding of Love, Beauty, Good, etc. There is no meaning to be found in this world, but man can endure, as Sonia (in *Crime and Punishment*) does, by accepting God (or something similar) as having made evident by all things a meaning which transcends the world.

This tradition we have inherited. Artists have tried to get us to see what is wrong with the world but even if we do see, can we ever succeed in curing the disease? We are still faced with the dilemma of either accepting the world's meaninglessness or rejecting it for a higher meaning. Romanticism is not the "solution," as Joyce's Stephen Dedalus must discover, for we only keep falling back into the corruption. What is the world's disease in Joyce's diagnosis implies not the conclusion that it is the result of man's failure to find a transcendent meaning, but rather that it is necessary to again see the world as a unity of meaning and action. Joyce shows that there is health in the world—that rather than rejecting the world, Molly Bloom will accept it no matter what it is; and man must accept her. Man finds his meaning in the world, as presented by Homer, Ovid, Dante. Meaning is *in* reality; no other meaning (for there exists no other) can be forced into it. ●

—*George Whitaker*

Unity . . .

—Norman C. Armitage Collection

At first glance, these pictures of a Japanese Noh drama mask and the drawing of the traditional Western masks of comedy and tragedy present an interesting comparison. This comparison becomes a fascinating contrast when it is realized that the two pictures of the Noh mask are of one mask and not two. The Noh mask is so subtly and artistically carved that any rotation of the mask or change in lighting changes the mood and expression of the mask. Only two of an infinite number of expressions are shown here in order to contrast the mask with its western counterpart.

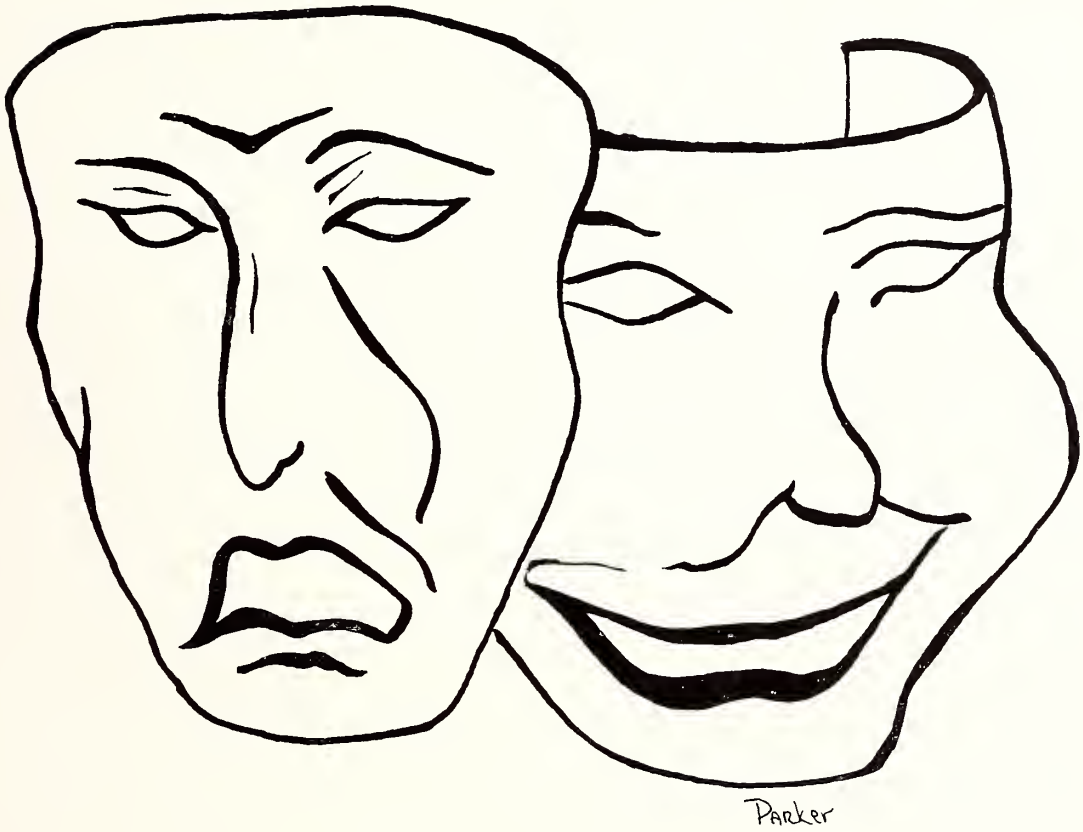
The initial contrast is striking, but when the influences that brought about the conception and creation of these masks are considered, there unfolds a subtle, yet basic difference between the ways of thought in the Orient and in the Western world.

The Japanese or Oriental mind has in this mask captured many different and contrasting expressions and moods in one mask, and yet these individual expressions are harmonized into a unified work of art. Conversely, in each western mask there is but one possible expression and it is clear cut and definite.

Human experience is not of a singular and definable nature, but is composed of many perceptions, reactions, and associations. Therefore art, to be vital and relevant, must be a union of many factors into a single work. In this frame of thought, it seems that the one Oriental mask is superior to the two Western masks and furthermore indicative of a culture more artistically oriented.

This tendency to unify and harmonize can be seen in other manifestations of the Oriental mind and contrasted with the West. The art of the Noh drama, according to Pound and Fenollosa in

Diversity . . .



their book *The Classic Noh Theatre of Japan* (New Directions, 1959), is one that unites all aspects of life.

. . . the Noh performance of the five or six plays in order presents a complex service of life. We do not find, as we find in Hamlet, a certain situation or problem set out and analyzed. The Noh service presents, or symbolizes, a complete diagram of life and recurrence.

A work of art is no less a work of art when it is concerned only with one narrow topic, if it treats that topic completely and accurately. Our Western tradition has been characterized by a detailed and accurate study of many separate, isolated fields or topics. Most of our intellectual history has been involved in disecting and cataloging facts and ideas, without much attempt to obtain an over-all picture, or to try to harmonize all the complex contradictions. Western man seems to prefer to set himself apart or to oppose rather than to make any attempt at harmony (thus the two opposing masks).

This last statement brings us to a final and basic difference between East and West. Western man is unable, or has been unable, to unify himself. He is a split being. He is divided between the real and the ideal, his body and his soul, and his concrete experiences and his thoughts or reason. This split is so strong in his tradition from Plato through Christianity, Descartes and philosophy that he has only recently made any real effort to heal this split and acquire a unity that the Oriental mind never lost.

In its unity and harmony, the Oriental mind has a beauty and appeal and a real value that the West should study and try to achieve. ●

—*William Rivers*

Human Values In Vietnam

The following article was prepared by Captain F. L. Garrett, Chaplain Corps, U. S. Navy for publication in THE JOURNAL. *Captain Garrett was asked to write on the effects of the war in Vietnam on our men and on the Vietnamese people. In his article Captain Garrett gives a very thoughtful and penetrating treatment of this subject. His recent tour of duty in Vietnam during which he worked with the Vietnamese people, as well as our own fighting men, make him especially qualified to deal with this subject. Captain Garrett was awarded the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Wofford College this past spring.*

—THE EDITOR

* * *

In the sense that every human conflict revolves around the value systems of the individuals or nations involved, the present conflict in the Republic of Vietnam provides important insights into both our present and future.

War is a proving ground for many things. It has been classically regarded as the most intensely dramatic act which takes place on the stage of human affairs. It has been truly said that war quickly brings out the best or the worst that is in man. Perhaps all of these cliches we repeat about men at war are ways of recognizing that this greatest of human tragedies strips away all of the artificialities and clearly reveals to a man his real values. He quickly discovers that the most important things are the elementary things. Life, food and the acceptance of one's comrades-in-arms are central to a man's existence in war.

Beyond these elemental values, however, there is always a dynamic testing of one's total value system. This is the area in which Vietnam is so revealing. Perhaps it is the contrasts which are the essence of that conflict which tell us so much about ourselves and about other peoples.

Vietnam is a primitive land and its people are for the most part a simple, gentle populace of rice farmers and fishermen. Their value system is rooted in a religious culture which is largely animistic. From this culture they inherit an attachment to the land and a loyalty to family which dominate their existence. This is why any developing nationalism encounters great difficulty; the interest and concern of the people does not yet extend very far beyond the horizon of the setting in which their lives are cast.

Our own American value system stands in sharp contract. We are a people who are activist in every sense. We are competitive. Our affluence and materialistic orientation make us acquisitive. Our interest and concern as a people extends to the ends of the earth and beyond into space. Deeper still lie those inherited human values of ours which have to do with the importance of the individual person, the responsibilities one has for one's neighbors and the context of freedom in which we live.

What happens when a 1967 model young American finds himself encamped beside a Vietnamese village containing men, women and children who are so radically different from himself? What kind of response can he make to their obvious need? Living from day to day in an environment of such sudden danger, does he find it possible to relate to these people in any meaningful way? And, in the end, what does this experience do to his own value system. What *remains* important to him?

These are fascinating questions to all who have had opportunity to be close observers of our men in Vietnam. While the conclusions drawn differ in degree, there are several which are almost universally accepted. They provide us a view of ourselves as a nation which is crucial to self-understanding. While we may bemoan the fact that it takes the tragedy of war to reveal the heights to which a man may strive, at least let us not overlook our capacity to reach them.

A first conclusion is that we, as individual persons, are far stronger than we think. I refer to both physical and psychic strength. For two decades the detractors of youth have wailed about how soft the new generation has become physically. Watching men lugging the equipment of war across rice paddies and across the hills quickly dispels this myth.

The tensions in Vietnam are continuous. There is no safe area, no respite from the knowledge that the enemy may strike at anytime or anywhere. The hours are also continuous, many men working almost constantly except when asleep. No weekends; every day like every other. All of this produces an environment in which men who are emotionally unstable cannot long survive. The incidence date of psychic (emotional) failure has been remarkably low among our men in Vietnam. Again, we are stronger than we thought.

A second conclusion which must be drawn is that when a man is confronted with basic reality, he very quickly divests himself of the superficial values and hues to the central ones. How often

have we heard it said of our own society that "it's every man for himself," "it's a jungle," or "I've got mine—now you get yours." Such concepts wither instantly in combat when a man knows how completely dependent he is on others.

One is impressed in Vietnam with the rapidity with which our men become deeply involved in the civic action phases of our work there. These are the constructive and creative tasks which occupy much of their time. It may be digging a new well for a village, escorting a med-cap team or building a new school. In all of these things, men derive an intense satisfaction from this effort to "help the people of this country." In this giving of themselves beyond the call of duty they discover the deep income that comes of the giving of self in service to others. In many men a new value is born right at this point.

A man lies wounded so badly that he will never be normal again and in the agony of his recovery he smiles and says, "But it was worth it." What is he saying? Is it that with all the differences that exist in the cultures and values of mankind there is at the core of things a set of common values that bind mankind together? Could it be that the true human values are just that, human—rather than being American values or Vietnamese values?

The man who discovers that physically, mentally, emotionally and spiritually he is a man in every mature sense of that word possesses a value that has no national identity. To know how interdependent we are on one another is to know a great truth. To develop an ability to give of self in the interest of others is to uncover priceless treasure.

These are things that happen every day in Vietnam. They are good things. They not only speak of the potential that resides in our present generation but, as always before, they point the direction in which man's brightest future lies. It is perhaps the greatest irony of all that we see so clearly revealed in the crucible of conflict the fitful image of what man must become before he wars no more. ●

Blue Winter . . . Part Two

———(Second Place, 1967)

The green tree
That shaded half the yard—
The leaves are missing.

In the boughs
Without the string or tail—
A March kite
Makes a winter crucifix

Part of the house is closed off
From the rest
To conserve the heat.
The toys are in a box
Under the bed.
The door is closed to the play room.

Mothers wrap their children
In warm coats and gloves
And send them out
Into the snow.

Expressionless,
The forest stands enameled in ice.

The cracks
In the tree limbs are glazed over.
No wind moves the shadows,
And there is no haunting melody
In the noise ice makes.
Yet there is a face
Of a child's discarded doll
Found in a ditch
With no hair
And one eye missing.

—HAROLD A. LAWRENCE, JR.

OLIN D. WANNAMAKER

Tradition is certainly a part of the academic influence brought to bear on Wofford students. But frequently these traditions that students are reminded of are almost unknown to them. This article, written by Wofford's oldest living alumnus, should give the reader some insight into the tradition that is a part of Wofford College. Olin D. Wannamaker of St. Matthews, South Carolina, graduated from Wofford in 1896 with an A.B. degree in English. He has taught English at Lingnan University in Canton, China, and has been head of the English Department at the University of Arkansas, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, and Southern Methodist University. He is the author of one book, With Italy In Her Final War of Liberation, *and has translated from German into English Rudolph Steiner's autobiography,* The Course of My Life. *Mr. Wannamaker is presently retired and living in Ada, Ohio.*—THE EDITOR

Wofford College Seventy-Five Years Ago

---by Olin D. Wannamaker, Class of '96

Yes, I entered Wofford in '92! My brother William a year earlier. Our oldest brother, Skottowe, aided in making possible for us what he himself did not experience. How fortunate that in our latest years it is possible to be grateful for life's earliest beneficent decisions, and grateful to those who collaborated with life in reaching these decisions.

Entrusted now, because of my age, with the dangerous freedom of reminiscence, in discourse with our brotherhood, shall I be presumptuous if I ask you to join with me in seeking to realize the significance of our enrollment at Wofford, and also the significance for others of not being permitted to enroll? Let us seek really to realize what that event signified in the regional and human environment of that time. I crave for myself far greater warmth of heart in association with dry factual knowledge as I dwell upon a decisive influence in my life and seek to think of all who did not share in this creative impulse. How few there were to enroll together with us!

The oldest of us can easily explain why we, the fortunates from the youth of the State were so few; why so many were debarred. But do we experience this understanding in depth of human reality? Seeking for such realization, let us journey back in imagination, striving to sense the human character of that time in the history of our land, the forces that barred college doors to so many. Such a realization, not possible within the limitations of youth, how greatly it will deepen and enrich our present inner life.

If there are other freshmen among us of my decade, let us dwell in two ways upon our Wofford years: vividly in our own memories, but also seeking truly to know the lives of the preceding two generations: our parents and grand parents and those of the youth who could not meet us at the doorways of Wofford. These were lives still deeply affected by forces of the past: five years of fratricidal bloodshed and eleven following years of alien mastery over them and their land. But we, the youth, were wholly sheltered from those forces. Scarcely the faintest echoes reached us of evil times that had come to an end in our early infancy or childhood.

And when we entered Wofford later, we were still shielded. Our teachers were seeking to aid us in qualifying for a gracious future; in qualifying to provide such a future for others.

But the question we have raised concerns primarily, not ourselves, but those who did not enter the College with us, and the parents and grandparents who did not send them there. Our superficial understanding we wish to bring to warmth of human sharing. This is difficult. Such real sharing in the destinies of others demands intense concentration in utmost warmth of heart. We may rightly excuse ourselves from such an exercise, declaring that it is utterly beyond us to visualize a whole segment of our people at that time. Undeniably true is this excuse. But there may be a method serving in some degree to substitute for what is beyond us.

Indeed, it so happens that I have been provided with a fractional biography of a person of that time which may in a measure picture to us the struggle required in sending us to Wofford and also why so many of the preceding generation did not achieve this great good fortune for others of our contemporaries. Permit me to sketch this actual biography in briefest possible form.

Just home from war, a relatively young father tosses Confederate money to his children to play with, and seeks to borrow what is needed to plant the splendid estate given him by his father—now no longer alive to aid him—upon his marriage. The father was a conservative parent: estates he gave upon marriage to sons and daughters were *entailed.* Sale of a few hundred acres would provide for planting all the rest, but selling even an acre was illegal. Security for credit had to be what this father owned: only his lifetime control of the estate. Hence the tragedy I relate.

Extreme drought destroyed the first planting. He must borrow again. In the second spring, a sea of green leaves, millions of beautiful blossoms, growing bolls—until the butterflies came! Then, within a few weeks, wheels of a buggy on a farm road cut through inches of crawling worms.

Lifetime control of the entire estate was insufficient to cancel the double debt. Surrendering that and all else he owned, the father moved his family into a small cabin and began to support wife and children by means of carpenter's tools. Then a small school to teach; reading law at night in borrowed books;

admission to the bar; distinguished practice of the law and notable service in aiding to free the State from alien government. But the entire South was deeply impoverished; fees for service necessarily extremely limited. Even had this father not died in middle life, he could probably never have provided for sons and daughters the college education he himself had enjoyed.

Now, of course, there may not have been in the State at that time a single biography identical with the one sketched, but there surely were multitudes of life-experiences approaching this in undeserved tragedy. Think of the very many of our most promising young men who left the State to seek for a hopeful life elsewhere. At least, the sketch can assist us in some degree toward realization of the struggle required of our families in providing years at Wofford for us few, and toward understanding those parents and grandparents of the finest stratum among our people who could not send their youth to join us.

But perhaps we have lingered long enough in the depths of life. The surface also is interesting and illuminating. Let us compare the present with that past in the most easily perceptible aspects: space and movement. We know the contrast, but hardly in its extreme actuality. We have silenced in tradition even its echoes. In space, how intensely constricted we were—we elders in the brotherhood. Multitudes of human beings, we might say, spent their lives at that spot on Earth's surface where destiny had set them down. Constriction in space was at times, to be sure, a sort of life in paradise: the few years, for instance, in my early childhood when we lived in our Father's wonderful boyhood home in the country, close to a great forest of pines and oaks and hickories, a great house built high enough above the ground, for health, to have the horse hitched to the buggy under the broad piazza; many tall trees in the expansive "yard," an orchard; the peace of the beautiful country. Moreover travel by horse and buggy was not only movement, whether as in my childhood experience thirteen miles to the county-seat and thirteen miles back, or over a longer stretch; it was also music: the soft drum-beat of the horse's trotting feet and the dream-inducing murmur of the wheels when rolling through a bed of sand. But still one was limited. How marvelous when once our Father took his three sons by train ninety-three miles to Charleston and back. The world was beginning to expand.

Then one September morning William and I climbed with unlimited enthusiasm aboard a train and set out over the hundred and thirty-five miles to Spartanburg. But no; destination was not Spartanburg; we did not stop there, but only the train stopped. Destination for us was Wofford. Is even that statement true? For myself should I name as destination the home of the professor of English, Professor Henry Nelson Snyder, bringer of the best from Tennessee and Vanderbilt, ideal inspirer of ambitious dreams of the future. Following my brother on his second year into membership in this household—the Professor and Mrs. Snyder, ideal of gentleness, a tiny daughter, and six other students sharing the second floor—I might almost say that I entered into my first mystery center.

But I wish to emphasize this mystery center; so let us first take a hurried look at the rest of the College.

The freshman of today would not have been impressed. But I was just beginning to be a freshman of *that* day. How noble with its two square towers the main building! (And how glad I am that it still lifts these square towers up toward the stars.) The half-dozen homes for teachers were so dignified. I sensed nothing lacking. I could not compare the extremely limited library with any other larger. The number of courses of study seemed ample. Do I recall them all correctly?—English, Latin, Greek, German, French, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physics, Geology, Mineralogy, Astronomy, Bible. No courses in Botany, Biology, Economics, History, Philosophy and many others now in catalogues.

But, after all, how much difference exists really between what the student of today carries away with his diploma and what Wofford gave to me. Choosing courses at Wofford then was the least possible; if I recall rightly, only one choice: either two years each in German and French or three years in Greek, English and Latin each four years and every other course required for every student.

Even the importance attributed, in truly Southern manner, to public speaking was very human. Not only was every student required at times to climb the high steps to the lofty platform upon which the dignified row of faculty members were seated, and make a speech to the study body, but there were two so-called literary societies—which might better have been called debating clubs—meeting every week, and membership in one of these was compulsory. These meetings were conducted with utmost dignity and formality, with constant attention to Robert's *Rules of Order*. How vividly I recall my experiences in this connection, most of all my first address. I dealt naturally with a great South Carolina figure, John C. Calhoun, and there still echoes in memory my gratification upon receiving compliments from older members.

Human beings, far more than courses of study, characterized the Wofford of my day. I think it true to say that every teacher was a potential personal friend of every student. Consider, for instance, the fact that Professor Snyder frequently played marbles in front of his residence with students rooming there, and could always win the game. The constant tennis games including him and some of the roomers in his home were made rather exceptionally personal through the fact that I learned in my first vacation to make a fish net and then transferred this skill to a tennis net, which was used regularly by the Snyder players during the three following years of my Wofford stay. A similar relation was possible between students and the rest of the faculty.

With the President, Dr. Carlisle, friendship was, I must confess, a bit awesome. The very stature of the President rightly signified his lofty personality. How fortunate I was in es-

caping during the whole four years any required interview with him. I should never have been able to reply as a humorous yarn described—of course, in fiction—a new freshman's reply to the President's reminder of chapel each morning at seven: "Sorry, Doctor, but I never sit up that late."

How vividly I recall lessons on the Bible with Dr. Carlisle as teacher. They were certainly unlike what college Bible study would have to be today, but the personality conducting them was ample substitute for the absence of the present-day expected scholarly character. Need for this had not in that day as yet arisen. But even more impressive was it to stand on the campus under the sky on a bright evening, watch the direction of Dr. Carlisle's pointing cane and learn the names of the constellations and Greek myths about these. His words, always utterly natural and sincere, possessed a special power. Sentences occurring in addresses to the student body still remain with me. For instance, just to illustrate: "Young man, there are callers appearing at your door whom you yourself should not dismiss. Let a servant send them away."

Long after that time, I believe, when I was a Wofford teacher for one year, Dr. Carlisle retired from the Presidency of the College. I still remember the impression I received of his great modesty. He was at that time very widely considered the first citizen of the State. A gathering of important persons had met at the College to show their gratitude to him and their feeling on the occasion of his retirement. After all the laudatory addresses had come to an end, Dr. Carlisle arose for only an extremely brief time. He responded in a single sentence: "Ladies and gentlemen, if I were able to respond to the sentiments just expressed, this would indicate that I was wholly undeserving of the addresses to which we have been listening."

In my personal case, two teachers meant as much as all others combined: Professor Snyder, English; Professor Rembert, Greek. It actually seems to me now—though foreshortened, no doubt, in distant perspective—that within a few weeks I had chosen my profession: an English professorship. How I came to specialize this choice a little later I do not recall, but the specific decision was final and firm: I would become a professor of English like the Wofford specimen, but also with a knowledge of Greek equal to that of the best graduates of Oxford. I do not recall ever to have seen, before coming to Wofford, the Greek alphabet.

Two classmates agreed to join me, and Professor Rembert was overjoyed to give us private lessons. One comrade lasted a few months; the other through that session. I fought a heavy summer assignment, caught up with the class, and graduated with Greek as minor.

Well, my stay at Wofford has now come to an end. Shall my reminiscence also end here? Or, being still a Wofford person, may I continue a little further? Many years of life have been added since 1896. I venture to test your patience a bit longer, in staccato style.

Two years a principal of our town school; two years as graduate student at Vanderbilt in English, Latin, Greek; one year substituting for Professor Snyder; a year as graduate student of English and Greek at Harvard.

I felt that I had achieved the goal of preparation for the climb upward to the profession chosen. But a rival claimant set aside that chosen profession. Responding to an inner challenge, I became teacher of English at a most fascinating school in process of development in Canton, China, under a New York Board of Trustees. This school later became a significant influence in modern China: Lingnan University. But my participation in the achievement at the early stage had to be cut short because the wife I had won could not live in the climate.

Head of the English Department successively in the University of Arkansas, Alabama Polytechnic Institute, Southern Methodist University, I served during a leave of absence under the Y. M. C. A. in Italy late in the First World War, was invited immediately after return to spend the needed time in Italy and write the official history of that work. Resigning in Dallas, I accepted; wrote the volume *With Italy in Her Final War of Liberation,* which met with a gratifying reception.

Cut loose again from education in America, I resumed connection with China, soon with Lingnan University, as executive officer of the New York Trustees, raising funds, selecting American teachers, visiting the institution for the Trustees. When seized as a part of China by the Communists, Lingnan was one of the centers generating a new Chinese education.

And now one final thread in this variegated weaving of life. Central in my deepest interest during the past forty years has been the teaching of that notable deeply spiritual clarifying Christian thinker Rudolf Steiner. Translating his autobiography, *The Course of My Life*, has illuminated the course for my own life. Then many translations followed. I shall ask the Wofford library to accept a copy of that primary translation of mine: the autobiography of a supremely gifted human being of our time. ●

Visit

Wofford College
BOOK STORE

For

A Choice Selection of Paperbacks
The Modern Library Series
Slide Rules and Repair Parts
English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Monarch Outline Series

Poster Prints
College Seals and Jewelry
Composition Books
Latest Stereo Records
Wofford Stationery
Fraternity Mugs
Novelty Greeting Cards
School Supplies
Sonic Flite Luggage

—— HOURS ——
Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 7:30 P. M.
Saturday: 8:30 A. M. - 1:00 P. M.

T. S. Eliot:

Style And Technique

In order to understand T. S. Eliot's concept of literary tradition it is necessary to have some knowledge of his theory of culture. It is therefore fitting to begin with a brief examination of what he has written on this subject.

"It is the culture of the society that is fundamental" because the other cultures derive directly from it, and when Eliot comes to define the culture of a society he calls it the way of life of that whole society. Its component parts are: (a) urbanity or civility, by which Eliot means "manners" in its fullest sense; (b) learning, by which he means knowledges and crafts of all sorts; (c) philosophy, also used in its deepest and widest sense; and (d) the arts.

Culture is essentially alive and operative at all levels of society. To carry this premise further, Eliot states that culture is inseparable from religion which, if it is real, is the way of life of a society. However, he resolves that culture and religion are not the same thing but that in the religion of a society the true culture is revealed. But it is useless to try to guide the culture of any particular people because culture is the "unconscious background of all our planning" and therefore cannot be planned.

With a background of Eliot's analysis of culture, it is necessary to understand his feelings of tradition and the tremendous reflection it has on the author. The tradition of the European poet ". . . involves in the first place, the historical sense, which we may call nearly indispensable to anyone who would continue to be a poet beyond his twenty-fifth year, and the historical sense involves a perception, not only of the pastness of the past, but of its presence; the historical sense compels a man to write with not merely his own generation in his bones, but with a feeling that the whole literature from Homer and within it the whole literature of his own country, has a simultaneous existence and composes a simultaneous order."

It is with this directive toward history that Eliot concentrates his poetry. His style is one of impersonality, but with striking and unique individuality. It was Eliot's thought that individuality should be balanced with a sense of place in tradition. It is with this profound knowledge of the past that makes the poetry of T. S. Eliot so suitable to the modern era. His comments on civilization are based not on aesthetic divinities, but rather on the unbending lessons of the centuries. It is this ability to analyze that makes his poetry relevant to our age.

Eliot could be said to be a believer of Emerson's philosophy of the poet entering into the mainstream of the community and participating in its movement wholeheartedly. Eliot was a believer in the industriousness of man and said that poets possessed only two qualities that the average man lacked. These attributes were: sensibility and the unifying power of the imagination. Without these qualities, the poet would be like any other being. It is this creative ability to imagine burdens and struggles and sensually be able to describe them to a reader of completely alien orientation reveals the true craftsmanship of the art. But poetry "is not an expression of personality, but an escape from personality" says Eliot. It is this necessity to arouse individual emotion within the reader that makes poetry valid.

"However, if we insist that a poem does not *mean* but is, we assert not a different mode of being but that its emotional values cannot be translated. As plain sense its meaning becomes an abstraction; as imaginative sense it is always realizing something more than its obvious meaning, is always conveying a state of mind as well as ideas. Its sense is qualified rather than defined by emotion, but its emotion takes form in the figures and configuration which transmit its energy. Indeed, we can speak of the meaning of a poem as its mode of apprehension or as a synthetic principle controlling the elements in which its feelings take place. On a lower level it is no more and no less that the metrical syntax of the poem. Without it a poem will function at random; without its consideration any discussion must be aimless, at best peripheral. Without it a poem cannot have an apprehensible being."

The images of T. S. Eliot reflect the true genius of the man. For it is with these concrete and imaginative devices that the reader can fully appreciate the comment on our civilization. It is this theme that is the hallmark of all poetry, not all the musical traits which characterize many poets. "The great poet's craft may sometime fail him: but at his greatest moments, he is doing what Kipling is doing on a lower plane: writing transparently, so our attention is directed to the object rather than the medium." Such poems as "Portrait of a Lady" and "The Hollow Men" reflect a social malice which makes them more objective in attitude and more controversial in tone. However, it is the message of the work that makes clear this attitude.

Perhaps the grestest of Eliot's poems is "The Waste Land." Much of the imagery of this poem is drawn from a book called *From Ritual to Romance* by Jessie L. Weston, which is a study of the anthropological sources of the legend of the Holy Grail.

"According to that legend a man called Fisher King ruled over the Waste Land. The land was barren and dry and was to remain so until a knight of purity should arrive to heal the Fisher King, who is wounded in the genital organs. This story goes back to the very primitive times, but persisted through to the Christian era, and in the

Middle Ages was worked into the cycle of stories about King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. Here it was connected with another story, of the Holy Grail (the chalice supposed to have been used at the Last Supper), the Grail becoming the means of healing the Fisher King. Several of the knights of Arthur's court, according to various versions of the legend, are supposed to have accomplished the venture; but in the best versions it is Sir Perceval who is the hero. The hero sets forth for the Waste Land, encountering on the way many adventures which involve conflicts with evil knights and temptations of the flesh, hunger and lust. In the heart of the Waste Land the knight comes upon the Chapel Perilous where he meets the most difficult of his various trials, and, if successful, arrives next day at the Grail Castle where he heals and releases the Fisher King. This results in the fertility of the land. Miss Weston showed that the origin of this myth was to be found in primitive rights of fertility and vegetation, especially in the Near East and along the Nile River. That is to say, the story of the Holy Grail has come down with many changes from the ritual performed by the primitive men in hope of bringing rain and sun, of bringing spring after winter, life after apparent death."

It is the sexual symbolism of the legend which Eliot has seized upon for the heart of his poem. It is with this mode that Eliot presents his theme of the rehabilitation of a system of beliefs, known but not discredited. Criticism of this work has spanned on both sides of the controversial topic. Helen Gardner wrote in her criticism of the poem: "*The Waste Land* discovers in its visions man's incapacity to achieve satisfaction, the boredom of quotian existence, and the horror of his ignobility. At the center of its spiritual movement there is simply the 'abyss,' 'the void,' or the overwhelming question, 'the terror of the unknown which cannot finally be evaded.' For all this, its ending is not despair. Stripped of his illusions, his pride broken, man is left to face the final possibility. *The Waste Land* ends with the truth of the human situation as the religious mind conceives it: the beginning of wisdom is fear."

This very poem typifies the realistic attitude of T. S. Eliot and exemplifies the three basic needs of man which find expression on every level of his being. These three essentials are: love, security, and significance. It is sometimes useful to examine poetry in the light of these needs and to see how the poet has treated them and in what precedence. He cannot completely ignore them, nor can he deal with one and leave out the others, because they are the heart of his being and are completely interdependent. However, Eliot believed firmly that poetry could be enjoyed, valued, and sensed long before it was fully comprehensible. That the true purpose of poetry was not to entertain, but to delight. This is something that Eliot rather fails at because of the scope of his topics.

"What is to be insisted upon is that the poet must develop or procure the consciousness of the past and that he should continue to develop this consciousness throughout his career. Ultimately this awareness of the past—later developed in a new way—is what makes the poet acutely conscious of the present. Then, with the aid of the famous catalyst analogy, he defines the process of depersonalization for the poet, which is related to the sense of tradition. Thus he defines the relation of poetry both to the mind of the past and to his own private mind; in subordinating the latter to the former he is subordinating the temporal to the permanent." It is with this sense of open-mindedness that perpetrates Eliot's major works, for he believed that the collective mind is the mind that changes. ●

—*Jerry Chapell*

A Linkage Rusted Beside The Track

——(Tied for Third Place, 1967)

A linkage rusted beside the tracks;
Rusted by the rains of three years;
Obsolete for any train now in the making; and in
its day, like children shaking hands and
not really knowing why, there was doubt
with wonder.
But all that it did not join or accomplish was
never known before.

I remember a coupling I was making.
I had been hard at work on it when war came.
It must have fallen by the rails in those days.
And for a year, forgotten;
Until today, glancing from the dining car, I saw
it move by below.
A part of me somewhere.

—ROGER BRUCE

Books

America's Rich And Lusty Don Quixote

THE SOT WEED FACTOR
by *John Barth*

The greatest works of comedy can perhaps be counted on the fingers of one hand, and satire, however brilliant, seems to lose its punch as history moves on and its targets fade from the scene, hence the greatest comedy is perhaps that comedy which examines the human situation. (Note: the current success and popularity of situation comedies on television and in the movies)

Necessarily, then, the great comic masterpieces are few and far between—and their writers men of great skill and wide vision such as Cervantes and Fielding. *The Sot Weed Factor* is a novel of this type and that in itself could perhaps bring it to be described with that most hallowed of accolades, the word: "Classic."

The Sot Weed Factor has been described as everything from "a great delight of bawdiness and adventure" (Critique) "begotten by Don Quixote upon Fanny Hill" (Kenyon Review) to "an epic farce" (St. Louis Post Dispatch) and "a bare-knuckled satire of humanity at large" (N. Y. Times Book Review).

The novel is apparently based on the historic character of Ebenezer Cooke, an English poet who wrote a satirical blast at the folly of Lord Baltimore concerning the colonials of Maryland in the early eighteenth century. (Note: "Sot Weed Factor" is colonial slang for tobacco merchant) It is also the name of the poem penned by both the real and fictitious Eben Cooke and *The Sot Weed Factor* is, indeed, the story of Ebenezer Cooke, *poet* and *virgin*. In being perhaps one of the most diverting heroes to roam the world since Candide, Eben Cooke's soujourn among the various savages, miscreants, and whores that thronged these shores during that virile and ribald period in our nation's past put his "innocence" to incredible test. Indeed in one of his philosophical moments he utters (and puts in verse) "Innocence is ignorance." In his innocence Eben Cooke travels erratically to and through Maryland surviving pirates, rebellions, capture by Indians, seeing his estate become an opium den and whore house, false priests, dope peddlers, swindlers, bawds, and knaves of every description; and surviving them in such a manner as makes it folly to attempt any hints about the plot of this long and intricate story. However, throughout the story in a variety of forms and disguises appears one Henry Burlingame III, who, in trying to discover the identity of Burlingame's I and II leads Ebenezer on many an adventure and to the discovery of the amazing "secret diary" of Captain John Smith and the outrageously bawdy and unbelieveably funny version of the Pocahontas story. These innumerable asides and narratives would perhaps put to shame many fantacists, all trying to hatch the most incomprehensible of fantacies for their readers' dull hours entertainment. Yet, in all of this, there remains the comedy and reality of the human situation.

Eben Cooke's career comes full circle with his creation—not of the epic *Marylandiad* he was commissioned to write but rather in *The Sot Weed Factor,* a bitter satirical poem expressing his disillusionment.

Through all this, Barth's style makes the narrative swift and graceful for all its length and intricacy. Its wild assortment of characters from knave to royalty is a group of rich, lusty souls, hell-bent on draining the adrenalin juices of the universe. Barth's style (to me) seems quite close to that of Cervantes and his story is not devoid of similarities to *Don Quixote.* It is jam-packed full of the historical riches of the English language.

Great and brilliant it is, yet it requires time (a semester) and patience from the reader, but the reader will be rewarded a thousand fold by the time he completes the last page, exhausted, eyes perhaps red from tears of laughter (or from gazing at the print for too many hours), mind possibly over-stimulated by the enormous scope and sweep of what has gone before, swearing that for all its 806 pages, the *tale has been all too short.*

Barth's style draws the reader in through humor to a cosmic vision of mankind and man's fate. Perhaps this is "The Great American Novel" for it is like nothing else in America literature—even though the poet wrote:

"May Wrath Divine then lay these Regions wast
Where no Man's Faithful, nor a Woman chast!"

—*E .C. Gent,* Pt and Lt of Md

—*Carter Thomasson*

Tiresias

———(First Place, 1967)

None of us understood him, I believe,
Because he was a prisoner of the dark
And saw things therefore that we did not see.
Moreover, he was prone to drool, and went
About the campus singing to himself
And doing other questionable things
—or so it was alleged by all of those
Who take an interest in that sort of thing.
We looked upon him with distaste, and kept
A wide berth when he seemed to come too near
For fear of being—what? Contaminated?
Or else of being made to be ourselves:
Concerned, even perhaps compassionate
(Effecting ruination of our cool)?
At any rate, he died. And so he passed
From darkness into Darkness via pain
—but never bitterness—and we remain,
the prisoners of a different sort of dark.

—R. W. McCREDIE

Lunch

———(Honorable Mention, 1967)

A greasy knife!
Fork!
Spoon!
A crumpled-up paper napkin
And a half-eaten roll
On a plate
(Sitting in a pool of luke-warm gravy)
And a glass
Half-filled with tea
(All smeared with sticky fingerprints)
And a cigarette butt
Floating in the tea!
A chair still warm . . .

—HERBERT KITSON

A Blessing

————(Tied for Third Place, 1967)

She's a mystery.
A mystery of time and silence
who can still be heard
on wings of slumber.

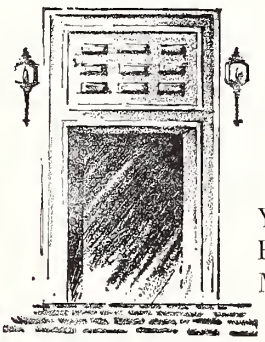
She's a happening
A happening of place and date,
who stayed for a while,
when "whiles" were ways, and "ways" were
wishful.

Say "wishful," children.
Open your mouths and say the word
that's so hard to mean,
and mean to mean.

She's a blessing.
A blessing in the guise of pain.
I'm humble now, Jesu.
Can't vigilance becomes vines and twines
of pleasure?

—JON STANTON

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.



Terrace
Entrance

Your Fashion
Entrance For
Men and Boys

HORTON'S CLEANERS

We Are Shirt Specialists

We Rent Formal Wear

146 North Liberty Street

WHITLOCK'S PHARMACY, INC.

(Next to General Hospital)

Complete Drug Service

Easter Monday

————(Honorable Mention, 1967)

On Saint Patrick' Day last—
that is to say, the seventeenth of March—
around the door of an Italian bar
In a predominantly Polish neighborhood
were festooned crepe and foil of green:
Glossy shamrocks and fluttering streamers—
mantling, I suppose, and for a crest,
the popular likeness of an Irishman.
Alfred E. Newman he was, all in green:
Stovepipe hat, knee breeches and shilelagh,
Meerschaum pipe and a profusion of buckles,
and withal a grin
like a sheepish embryo.
Off to Dublin in the Green,
in the Green . . .
POBLACHT NA H EIREANN
The Provisional Government of the Irish Republic
To the People of Ireland
. . . Pearse read from the post-office steps:
Pearse, who bestrode the Pegasus
and de Valera, who taught math,
and Connolly, the social critic,
and in the ranks somewhere
an erstwhile captain of Liverpool Volunteers
acquainted with the rudiments of drill.
A crowd of marching men
strides across an old sepia photograph
tweed-capped and stolid, but in their midst
a young dude in an ice-cream suit,
boater and celluloid collar.
All of them shoulder rifles
of which they are not entirely trustful,
off to Dublin in the Green,
in the Green . . .
All the Wild Geese, coming home.

—R. W. McCREDIE

Young Jacky

————(Honorable Mention, 1967)

Like the cornstalks, young Jacky stands
Erect, bright, fastened into the daylight by
Hands that seem to come out of the ground,
Seem bent on holding him down.

Fresh from the fields young Jacky comes
And sits by his mother's side, on his
Three-legged stool he hides from cornhusks
And wants for his mother's warm kitchen
glowing in the dusk
Young Jacky, and young Jacky's nadir tongue
Grabbing at, nabbing from his mother's chocolate
Covered spoon, stabs at and stays near his
Mother's chocolate sighs, and lets it settle
Into his mouth while spoon turns hard and
tastes of metal,
And then the flavor dies.

"My mother gave me a toy," and a gift
of biological, emotional connection
Rapidly bought with thriftless affection,
And little Jacky in the fields fresh with dew
"And I broke it and she gave me another
And I broke that one, too." And she gave
him another.

A gift for Jacky, a toy; perhaps a balloon
For young Jacky to deploy against the wind,
A piece of red helium to lift Jacky to the moon,
Sweep him toward the world's wide end, take
Him to the sky; But then his mother calls him,
and then the flavor dies.

That evasive cuticle of Jacky's red balloon
How it plays with him for fun,
An open field the sky, an eye of joy the sun;
But then his mother calls him,
and then he goes inside.

—NASH HERNDON

sun reflecting off the white marble produced a lot of glare. Above all the tourists, photographers, and postcard peddlers that swarm around it; stands the Parthenon; majestic, commanding, indifferent. I couldn't help feeling that there was something hostile about the famous building—perfect, beautiful; but hostile to its environment; hostile to man.

Plato destroyed the validity of nature and the world and sent us off in search of the permanent, immutable things—the ideal. He split us off from our world so we could build a world of the ideal. Ever since then, we have been building Parthenons, Old Mains, First National Banks, and First Baptist Churches.

Rather than subduing their world, the Orientals sought to adopt and absorb it. They never tried to create an air-conditioned, geometric, ideal world. They simply tried to live in the world they had and understand it as it was.

But then, after all, there was never a Japanese Plato. ●

—*Will Willimon*

Compliments Of

CAPRI LOUNGE

190 E. St. Johns St.

Sears

Why Not Charge It?

College Men
CAN
Have Credit At Sears

Just stop by our credit department and put in application. Your request will receive prompt attention. No co-signer is needed.

Brevity

———(Honorable Mention, 1967)

I am the castaway on autumn's wind, a broken leaf.
I am desert sand in the whirlwind's teeth.
My life is a wavering shadow in the new moon,
A phantom that is brief and soon broken by the sun.
My hour is that of the sea foam cast ashore,
Only to be stolen away by the whim of a returning tide.
I am the reflection in a complacent pool, a mere image.
I am the cringing face in a dusty, cracked mirror.
I ride summer's stampeding clouds and winter's
snowfall.
I am Time's hitchhiker, a passenger of the hourglass.
I am the smoke from the pipe of a dreaming old man;
And like his dream, not quite remembered, but
unforgotten.
I am the child with the hollow, running feet, and I am
Footprints in the snow and sand—
Man turned memory.

—JIM LOVELACE

A Summer Song

———(Honorable Mention, 1967)

other songs will be sung
other songs with new-found tunes
sent on tape and sealed in boxes
and the guitars are propped
in dusty corners . . .
waiting.

but we ran in front
and found
new sounds.

blossoms grew
in her presence.
while other songs
will be sung,
book-pressed flowers
again and again.

—WILL GOFORTH

Having Fun

——(Honorable Mention, 1967)

People are upset because the World
has diarrhea,
and things aren't smooth
to say the least,
but I'm having fun,
and incidentally,
so are a few others,
in spite of having to stay out so late,
and having to play so hard,
and having to "love" so much,
and having to reach so far for so little,
and smiling.
Jesus. Everywhere you turn
you see fabricated smiles
of the good-time kids,
and the red-hot mamas.

The bad guys are incessantly dumping
on the good guys,
and harmony . . . it isn't,
to say the least,
but I'm having fun.
I'm having fun watching genocide over my head,
and long-haired, prodigal hellions under my chin,
both the masters and the microbes,
one unhappy,
and the other just not knowing,
that the only guy they can't get around
is the one standing on the corner,
that watches.
Never does,
Just watches.

—JON STANTON

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS
PRICES'
Store For Men
113-115 N. CHURCH STREET
- Bass Weejuns
- Sero Shirts
- London Fog Shirts

"The Most Trusted Name
In Jewelry"
KOSCH & GRAY
—SPARTANBURG'S LEADING JEWELERS—
158 E. MAIN STREET
Downtown Spartanburg, S. C.

For The Students
Burger Chef
Home Of The
"BIG SHEF"
—— By ——
Pinewood Shopping Center

COMPLETE SERVICE

Laundering - Dry Cleaning - Tailoring

Artex Cleaners

Discounts To Students

213 Magnolia Street *Spartanburg, S. C.*

BELK - HUDSON

Men's Shops

Downtown - Hillcrest

— *Presents* —

- John Cristy Sport Coats
- Campus Togs Suits
- Brae Mar (lamb's wool sweaters from Scotland)

REASONABLE PRICES

CRAFT'S

Quality

DRUG STORES

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

THE MUSIC BOX

518 East Main Street

Records - Gifts

Novelty Cards

MONOGRAM SERVICE

For

NAPKINS - MATCHES - STATIONERY

Coke has the taste you never get tired of.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Spartanburg

GREENEWALD'S

INCORPORATED

Complete Outfitters

for

College Men

Editorial

THE PERCEPTION OF A FAULT

Wofford College

The Russian royal family of the late 1800's suffered from mental and physical weakening because of their frequent incestious marriages. These marriages were to keep the royal families blood "pure." The "purity" was attained but it nearly brought about the death of the royal family.

For a college to be a potent and stimulating educational institution it must bring into its community men of various intellectual, political, religious, and racial backgrounds to supplement its internal offerings. As a small school with limited internal resources, Wofford College should strive to bring in people from various fields and points of view to provide references for thought and comparison.

During the past four or five years Wofford has been striving to improve her standing as a member of the educational world and to encourage an "intellectual atmosphere" on campus. Self-studies have been made, the faculty increased by a few numbers and a 4-1-4 program of study introduced. Internally the college is trying to improve, but it is still working with essentially the same community. What Wofford really needs to be an active and vital college with an "intellectual atmosphere" is for its campus to be a place of exchange of ideas through outside stimulation.

Presently, Wofford is bringing in a limited amount of outside stimulation through the history department lectures and chapel programs. The history lectures are naturally limited to history and although they are frequently attended by students and professors of other departments, their appeal and range is limited. Money should be provided to the other departments for the expressed purpose of bringing in distinguished speakers from their individual fields and these lectures open to the college community. If this broad set-up should prove to be too expensive at the moment, an interdisciplinary committee on lectures should be set-up to bring in speakers from different fields.

The college's chapel programs could be used to great advantage for the presentation of diverse programs to the students. Presently the majority of these programs do not serve any purpose other than to put the majority of the student body to sleep. If speakers of more diverse and even radical viewpoints (as compared with our Protestant tradition) were brought on campus for the religious, as well as the secular chapels, these programs could be a source of stimulation that the college community needs. A man cannot truly assess his beliefs or intelligently think about them unless he has some basis of comparison. With a little imagination on the part of the Chapel Lectures Committee and cooperation from the administration, Wofford could provide its students with a diversity of ideas that would create on campus a more stimulating and intellectual atmosphere.

To bring in this diversity will take money, but it will be money spent on a sound investment—*education.*

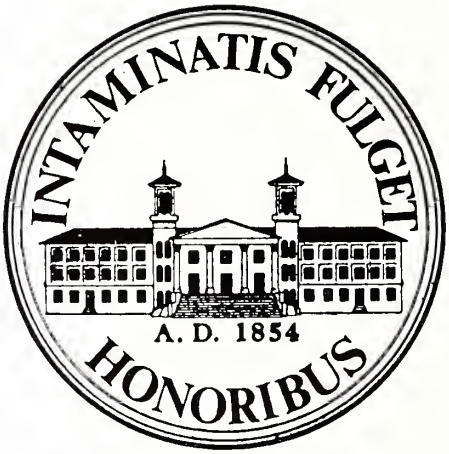
The basis of education is comparison. A college community must provide the students and professors new comparisons with which they can make the learning process as broad and significant as possible. A college cannot provide these new comparisons from within itself, especially when it is as small as Wofford. Without diverse outside influence it is very possible that Wofford College could die a sickly and incestious death.

The Journal

It is because of the perception of the above mentioned fault in the educational system of Wofford College that The Journal this year will attempt to expand its scope and purpose. The Journal is primarily a literary magazine and will remain a primarily literary one. However, it will also attempt to serve a purpose that has of the moment been somewhat neglected. This purpose is to bring to the students new ideas from outside the college community, believing that anything that interests or affects man affects his literature. Our first attempts will necessarily be modest, but perhaps these attempts will move wheels in higher places and begin a trend toward a more healthy and intellectual college community and thus toward a more productive, intelligent, and creative literature from her students.

This Issue

This issue has in part a theme. The East and the West are meeting in many different areas with striking and sometimes frightening results. East and West are exchanging cultural and literary modes, social and political ideas, and bullets. It is hoped that through the few articles included in this issue pertaining to Oriental-Occidental comparisons and contrasts that the reader will obtain some insight into this increasingly important area. At best, we hope the reader will not be satisfied with the meager offerings here and will pursue the topic in depth through other sources. We only hope to stimulate an appetite here. —*W.E.R.*



They risk their lives

that we might break 90.

The Journal

December, 1967

—*Photo by* Louis P. Smith

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME 78 ● NO. 2 | SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA | DECEMBER ● 1967

CONTENTS

ARTICLES AND STORIES

A STYLE OF MINISTRY FOR THE CONTEMPORARY CHURCH — *Rev. John Stapleton* 2

MEDITATION ON WHY COLLEGE HURTS — *Wayne Varner* 6

HIERARCHY OF HEAVENLY HOSTS — *Anonymous* 10

TO GET AWAY — *John Nordt* 16

EDITORIAL — *William Rivers* 20

INTERIM SUPPLEMENT — *Special Committee on The Interim* 21

POEMS

THE OX — *Peter Moore* 5

WINTER DREAM OF SPRING RAIN SHOWER — *Ed Alderman* 7

FOR ME — *Dr. G. W. Gibson* 8

OCTOBER SONG, FAUNA, HOPE — *Dr. G. W. Gibson* 9

OCKHAM'S RAZOR — *Herbert Kitson* 11

YELLOW AUGUST — *Herbert Kitson* 12

THERE IS NO TOMORROW — *Tom Morrison* 13

MOMENTARY HESITATION BEFORE PARTING — *Ed Alderman* 14

LIFE AND MORE — *Tom Morrison* 14

KILL I AN 'GOGUE — *Wayne Varner* 15

THE JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1889 | VOLUME 78, NUMBER 2

Editor — WILLIAM RIVERS
Assistant Editor — HARRY MCKOWN
Business Manager — JOHN STEWART
Photographer — LOUIS P. SMITH
Artist — DONNIE PARKER
Typist — JERRY CHAPPELL

THE JOURNAL is published four times during the academic year—October, December, March and May—by the students of Wofford College. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager. Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Professor Howard Pegram is advisor. Printed by The Charles P. Smith Printing Company, Greer, S. C.

A Style Of Ministry For The Contemporary Church

---*John Mason Stapleton*

John Mason Stapleton graduated from Wofford College in 1953. He received his B. D. and S. T. M. from Union Theological Seminary and is presently working toward completion of his Th. D. disertation. He has been an instructor in Homiletics at Boston University School of Theology and is now a minister in the South Carolina Methodist Conference. Although this article is directed specificly toward ministers it contains points that should be considered by anyone who is concerned or who voices an opinion on the condition of the contempory Church and its future.

* * *

I.

First, a style of ministry for the contemporary church should have the element of authenticity. The word is deliberately and carefully chosen—authenticity. And it's used here to cover all that we mean by realism, honesty, integrity in a world that has emerged out of centuries of skepticism, years of bloodshed and atrocity, and living day after day with the threat of nuclear death. The word is used often by the Existentialists and I've taken it over here with much of what they mean by it. The ministry of our time needs authenticity. To believe in Christ has never been easy. But to be authentic today involves living in an age when believing in Christ seems well-nigh impossible, and an admission by His staunchest believers that it is as hard for them as for those who do not believe. It is the insistence that we must be ourselves—men of our time—if real faith is to be born in us and in those to whom we minister. A ministry without authenticity means human beings of religious clichés, false piety, ministerial mannerisms. Faith without authenticity is fake faith. Jean Paul Satre would call it bad faith—*la mauvaise foi.* "Bad faith," he writes, "then has in appearance the structure of falsehood. Only what changes everything is the fact that in bad faith it is from myself that I am hiding the truth."

Let us look at a typical instance. Here is a student planning to enter the ministry. He delivers a sermon full of the testimony of past religious experience. It contains all the great words of faith, visions of Christ, appeals for commitment, and he delivers it with verve and volume and a ringing climax. He sits down. We talk about his performance for a moment. Finally, I summon my courage and say, "Pardon the bluntness, but it seems to me you're faking, despite your pious talk." Silence prevails in the room and his eyes blaze for a moment! Then a small grin begins to form on his face and he says, "Perhaps you're right." A little later we meet each other and he asks, "When can we talk?" The appointment is made and we talk. "The fact is," he begins, "I *am* faking. I'm not sure that I believe in Christ or even that God exists. All of what I said was an empty, hollow echo of a faith I cannot call my own." And we in turn cannot and should not denounce him. Faith does not come by coercion; it is evoked. But though we cannot begin with faith, we can begin with honesty. And from that moment of honesty something happens. The subterfuge drops away and there is the possibility that deep, vital faith will begin to take its place. Incidentally, he loses his ministerial mannerisms and his pious tone and begins to talk like himself, for the echo is gone!

Or here is a man with several years in the ministry. "I've been thinking this week," he said to a congregation, "about the story of Jesus." Which wasn't so. He was a hard-working District Superintendent interested in making a good statistical record and had told a friend he had had to scramble around to make last minute changes in his appointments at the order of the Bishop. He had also told me he had been thinking of how nice it would be when Annual Conference was over and he could start his vacation. He went on in his sermon, "I thought as I looked over that great crowd. . . ." Which was an overstatement. The crowd was nowhere near a thousand and in these days of huge stadiums and arenas we would hardly call it "great." Then with a flourish he concluded, "These people were going to transform society." Which was not so either. "These people" had just voted down a Conference resolution that would have done no more than put their meeting on record as supporting a minimal standard of social

justice.

Let's try to make this authentic. "I sat there," it could be said, "thinking about the relation of the story of Jesus to all this—when I had time, amid many trivial matters that are a drag on the worthiest thoughts and the noblest feelings. I sat there wondering, 'What can these people do? We crowd this room, but the world, indeed this town, will swallow us up when we hit the street. And what have we done? Almost nothing but talk, and that only to make weak decisions.' I sat there and could hardly help offering up a prayer: 'Come, Lord Jesus, Come. And, if necessary, blow up this whole business! Baptize this puny crowd with the power of Thy Holy Spirit! O Christ, hear us! O Christ that takest away the sins of the world, hear our cry!' "

As you can see, frankness is our rule here. It's painful. It's brutal. But without it the real thing that ensures a real ministry will not happen. We need ministers who know what it is to live with every kind of doubt of our time because they *are* men of our time. Only this will save the Church from a ministry of professionals. Only this will give us men who do not play a role, but live a life. Only this will save our theologies from sheer repitition and dogmaticism that is neither truth nor dogma. Decent, honest men will not guarantee good and adequate theology. But perhaps there can be no decent and meaningful theology without men of faith who are also men of honesty and integrity. The style for a modern ministry ought to include authenticity.

II.

But authenticity is not enough. A style of ministry adequate for the age needs a second thing. It needs compassion. If authenticity can be broadly interpreted in moral terms, to speak of compassion brings us into the realm of theology. Better, it brings us into the realm of the Gospel. For it is not enough to be honest. Cynics are honest and there is no cynicism in the Gospel. It is not enough to report the facts of the Church's sin and corruption. The Gospel requires that we approach those facts with an attitude worthy of it. Soreheads know how to tell the truth. But compassion will transform a sorehead into a prophet. A prophet does not condemn; he judges in order to heal.

Even the hastiest glance at Scripture will vindicate this. Abraham begs God to save Sodom and Gomorrah. Amos laments over Israel who is so "small." Paul wishes himself "accursed" for the sake of his recalcitrant Israelite brothers. And the key to it? God himself coming in Jesus Christ, in great lowliness, in greater suffering, to cry: "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered your children together as a hen gathers her brood under her wings, and you would not!" The Bible is a book that confronts us with a God who judges in a most compassionate fashion.

In my work I have heard as many as eight sermons in a week, never less than five. You can't help wondering at times whether the preacher has calculated how to make his congregation yell, "Ouch!" every few minutes! You hear mankind castigated, the Church raked over the coals, so that you would think John the Baptist had appeared with the unquenchable fire. And, mark closely, I am not belittling this. There is something healthy about it. A young man who doesn't get angry at the established order is an insult to nature and a threat to progress! There is also something grand and heartening about it, for, more often than not, you are beholding the first flush of Christian conviction. There is in too many instances, however, very little compassion in the attitude of the preacher. Even when the major part of his discourse speaks of the mercy of God! The preacher is speaking of love without loving, and to speak of love without loving is another occasion of bad faith, which can turn the most eloquent and theologically correct sermon into a soap opera soliloquy. A soap opera is composed of beautiful words and thoughts that lack the nurture and motivation of real, genuine, true, substantial feeling.

I have decided that the first task of a young preacher is to learn what it means to adore God—that itself is essential and most difficult!—but that his second task is to learn to love and serve men who do not adore God. Christianity is not just loving men. May Christ save us from quick settlements with that kind of religion! We are not a humanistic sect. Nevertheless, ministers adore a God who loves men, forgives them, redeems them, reconciles them, though they may flee Him, hate Him, or simply ignore Him. When the truth of Christ's love for the ungodly takes hold, miracles of faith and conversion may occur. But if not, it's still the truth!

We are also speaking of Christ's love for his Church—even what Peter Berger calls in the title of his book, "the noise of solemn assemblies." There is insight in that book, which, you will remember, heaps devastating blows upon the institutional church. Mr. Berger finds almost no use for the Church except the emotional stability it seems to give to some people, old ladies for example, who have lived too long with their illusions to change. Institutional corruption of the Gospel, so runs his thesis, has led us into hopeless defeat and most serious young Christians ought, perhaps, to be done with the institution. Berger should not be hastily put aside; in some cases he ought to be cheered and respected. But the weakness of his book is its striking of chords of compassion for everybody but the poor, blind, wayward institutional Christians who need it most. There are good reasons for not becoming a Christian minister. Some men simply belong in another vocation, which is no disgrace. But it is a sorry reason to leave the Church because of its failures. If the life style of the ministry is compassion, each of those failures will be an occasion for mercy and longsuffering. Mr. Berger should be read along with the New Testament. Where the authenticity of the one ends, the compassion of the other begins. Compassion, too, involves not the playing of a role, but the living of a certain kind of life in the miserable shortcomings of the Church we serve. St. Paul, who had his own brushes with insti-

tutional failures, gives astounding words to it: "Be ye imitators of God."

III.

Authenticity and compassion need to be joined with a third element. We shall call it *affirmation*; other ways of putting it would do. Affirmations are precisely what many thoughtful people of our time are hungry for. Arthur Koestler's heroine in his novel *The Age of Longing,* kneels before going to bed and prays: "Let me believe in something!" Professor Baumer of Yale thinks that title summarizes the mood of most modern skeptics. They long for a God they no longer believe in. The question, of course, is whether this skepticism predominates in the mood of the "common man." Perhaps no one can say for sure. But it is not unusual to hear a housewife plead that she must "become a person," or to hear a businessman express the wish for "meaning in life." We shall take it, then, as axiomatic that contemporary man hungers for affirmations. He, like Biff Loman in *Death of A Salesman,* longs to get "stuck into something."

And not just any affirmation will do. The dominant theme of the Christian ministry is that the Gospel is the only adequate affirmation. The question then becomes, "What is the affirmation of Gospel for the present age?"

No easy answer is forthcoming and by no means can we settle it now. Suffice it to say that if the Gospel says anything at all to us, it says that God affirms us, that God intends us. It says to an age that feels bedeviled by meaninglessness and absurdity: "You do not have to seek meaning. You are freed from that horrible burden. Freed to live and to be! Meaning seeks you! You are meant!" The Gospel proclaims that we do not need to search for "life." Instead, God searches for us and, having found us, offers life to us as a gift. Modern man often dismisses hope as escape and delusion. The Gospel gives reason and meaning to hope, for it speaks of the glory in hope before it tries to comfort him with the hope of glory! It assures him that God hopes for him. One great commandment it gives to us, therefore, in the confusion of our days is, as Karl Barth has somewhere put it, "Thou shalt live!" Faith then becomes, before anything else, an offering of ourselves to be the humanity God intends and creates us to be. For "in the beginning was the Word . . . all things were made through him, and without him was not anything made that was made."

A wonderful story by John Updike deals with it. A boy, David, is worried about death. In catechism class he asks his minister about it, who gives an unauthentic answer, which is worse than outright unbelief. His Mother suggests that he look at Nature and vaguely interprets what she means, if anything. His Father says, "Hell, I think death is a wonderful thing. I look forward to it. Get the garbage out of the way." Meanwhile, David, who is twelve years old, has learned to shoot a gun, and he is asked by his grandmother to kill some pigeons that are fouling the barn. He picks up one of the birds he has killed. He studies its geometrical beauty, its design for smooth flight, its marvelous coloring, the unique lines of every single feather. Yet it's a pest! Just a pest! But as David buries the pigeon, the certainty rushes over him "that God who had lavished such craft upon those worthless birls would not destroy His whole Creation by refusing to let David live forever."

This kind of affirmation is a part of the very substance of the Gospel. To respond to it, to act on it, is more than professing faith, it is living faith. It applies, not only to death, which the boy in the story fears, but to the things we take for granted, to the domain of the "familiar," as William Hamilton has described it, to the love and the laughter, the suffering and the sorrow of our life. The housewife who wants to become a person will not achieve her goal by her own efforts. For personhood is a gift of God to her and no place is available to express it except in the routine that she now regards as drudgery. To the businessman who seeks meaning, the only possible word is that the meaning God gives seeks him. There is no other way salvation takes place. This has been called in an incredibly sensitive phrase "redeeming the common time from insignificance."

As for the ministry, we cannot be far wrong if we insist that it can be performed only by those who are concerned first of all with what it means to be redeemed into manhood by Jesus Christ. "All things were made through him." Perhaps the best way to say it is by reference to some questions a student handed to me recently, at my request. They show sensitivity and growth in all that we have spoken of. Every sermon, the student urges, should be based on these questions. But I think he is only partially right; his questions need to be reversed! I give them to you with the reversals. (1) Where do we begin to have faith in Christ? Reversal: Where can Christ begin to trust us? (2) Where do we begin to tap the power of God in everyday life? Reversal: Where can we begin letting God work his power in us? (3) How can I feel Him in my life and how do I know it is not really me? Reversal: How do I begin to come alive to Him and how can He be sure it is really me? (4) If I do find Him, then what? Where do I go from there? Reversal: Now that He has found me, then what? Where does He want me to go from there?

The Gospel, you see, becomes rich and meaningful in our age when men cease asking questions of God to listen, as Job listened to the Voice from the whirlwind, to the God who had questions of His own. Here is something for a man to get stuck into! Such a man no longer says: "Prove Thyself to me, O God, and I will believe Thee." For he hears Another, whose name is Christ, speaikng: "I *have* proven myself to Thee, O Man. Now prove Thyself to me by trust and faith and work." Many of those who have made the choice as this kind of man to be ministers have known in the unique ways of the ministry the thrills, the shudders, the dizzy heights. They are one primary assurance that so long as the earth remains, the good news of Christ shall not perish from it. ●

The Ox

The student declared that the leaf had
withered,
But the sun, like a broken piece of
tile, or a ball-point pen,
Dared to disagree.
And a wool-coated fire hydrant added depth
to the quest.
And yesterday and tomorrow . . .
Yes, and the truck driver's ear spouts the
answer,
That life is a purple antelope in a field
of tuna fish,
And thou, an armadillo, shouldst not litter
the streets of Philadelphia.
Selah

—PETER MOORE

THE JOURNAL *invites its readers to enter a special contest by submitting explications of the above poem. Winners will be announced and prizes will be awarded at a later date.*

Meditation On Why College Hurts

In the contemporary college or university the methodology of education is quite static from institution to institution. Most generally, an education consists of a person's experiencing a series of disjunct courses that are not often related except by their being included in the same department or major. When one surveys such a system of education, he is impressed with the obvious incoordination between areas of study, and with this unrelatedness thus expressed, he sees little relation between the courses he studies and the life he lives. This is exemplified by the cool Wofford Gentleman.

The educated man is one who, because of his formal studies, has learned to think. He is not necessarily one who constantly applies what he has learned out of his major field of study. So what of the required courses in the basic curriculum? When the freshman comes to Wofford, he is quickly told that he will necessarily include in his schedule certain "foundation" courses. These both make him an informed person generally, and enable him to attack competently his study in his field of specialization. Perhaps herein lies the trouble.

After a student is involved in his major work, his courses are somewhat related by their being within a major. But during his years of progress through prerequisite courses, the courses are not in such a related context. Much course material is soon forgotten because it is regarded as so much information learned for one course unrelated to other fields. If what is learned in one course is not related to what is learned in another, it is obvious that no attempt will be made to relate it to one's life.

The student predicament corresponds to such an analysis. When the student leaves the class, he lives in a world that is not often affected by what is said in a history, philosophy, or English lecture. The concepts he grapples with in his academic life seldom flourish into relevance in an informal situation.

Furthermore, the individual student is required to carry so many courses in a semester that he can never take away enough time from formal class preparation to give actual consideration to classroom concepts which might make interesting relation to his life. With several professors watching over the part of the student's life with which they are concerned and assuring themselves of the attention they deserve from him by making their individual demands on his time by various contrivances, the work of the student becomes a burden, and the student is not even attracted to formal thought away from what becomes a necessary evil.

So what the remedy? Consider a core curriculum so integrated as to seem one all-encompassing course. It could be taught by a team of professors coordinated and lecturing on their specialties. The course begins with the history of a certain period and expands to the thought of the period. A study of thought naturally leads to the literature, art and music of the period. As a period of history is studied, the scientific and mathematical developments of the period may be studied also. Thus a foundation is created for advanced study.

Such an approach has its weaknesses, surely, one being that a science curriculum requires much more in depth concentration during the underclass years in preparation for advanced study. This may be alleviated by preparing differing curriculums for science majors and non-science majors as has been done this year. But surely, even with its weaknesses, a somewhat coordinated curriculum would be far superior to a disjunct mess. ●

—J. D. Ptoledrik

Winter Dream Of Spring Rain Shower

Virgin girl
Looking at herself
On ripples
At the water pool
A boy has thrown stones
In

—ED ALDERMAN

For Me

Look where
beagles leap up friendly
from their porch-sleep, where
pork-rich pintos bubble savory
on backs of stoves, where
fireplace stockings pend in wide-mouthed expectation, where
lamps light red crayolas waxing valentines for
girls too elegant to love.

Look where
tongues hunt pesky popcorn husks
in picture-show dark, where
noses press cold candy-counter glass, where
fingers grub impatient in black mud for fat pink worms, where
ears catch mouth-harp lamentation celebrating Saturday, where
eyes track fast green apples flung through dusk at
too-swift velvet bats.

Look where
country stores squat by crossroads,
hiding garrulous broods of red-neck men
under the shade of their wings, where
churches fold prayer-hands
over the heads of soap-cleansed congregations
and hurl high crosses
onto the cumulus froth.

Look where
clay hills hump their blushing backs
under the shimmering heat waves
and creeks run crystal
under the quivering portraits of fish-bone ferns, where
suspiring spires of pines
poke heavenward, and over them
hawks swim the wind.

—GWG, November 1967

After graduating from Wofford College in 1959, Dr. Gerald W. Gibson studied chemistry at the University of Tennessee where he received his Ph.D. He is currently teaching chemistry at The College of Charleston.

October Song

Trees grieve for leaves
gone crisp and blown
by blue-sky winds away.
Another day I mourned
them too.

Grown mellow,
scarlet, yellow, brown
console me. Now
they whisper sweet
around my feet.

—GWG, October 1967

Hope

You pass my fallow field.
What forgotten swarthy Greek
flashed white teeth
in the Aegean sun
and shared red wine
with his sloe-eyed bride?

Thirsting, I drink you in
and fill my molding skin
with your dark wine
against the desert day.
You move away
and I am left
unsated.

—GWG, November 1967

Fauna

Young men with hair
hanging thick and cocky
are crowing in the iridescent
neon dawn and strutting slender
in the streets
of home.

Young men with hair
and sleek stallion muscles
are mouthing hard at irksome bits
and eying fervid fillies prancing
in the streets
of home.

Young men with hair
are sniffing the warm wind
and poking about in places
they take for new.

—GWG, February 1967

Hierarchy Of Heavenly Hosts

JEHOVAH
Father-Son-Holy Ghost, Inc.

COMMUNICATIONS
Angel Gabriel, Supv.

still small voices
burning bushes
stone tablets
revelations
dreams
Wofford Rel. Dept.
visions
blinding lights

LOGISTICS
Moses, Supv.

manna, quail
water into wine
loaves and fishes
milk and honey flow
tree of life

TACTICS
Samson, Supv.

vs. temptation
vs. devil
vs. sex
vs. pride
vs. brown bagging
plagues and famines
wars and rumors
of wars
passovers
Wofford Chapel

TRANSPORTATION
Noah, Supv.

water, parting of
walking on
arks.
land
donkeys
sandels
aviation
chariots of fire
flight into Egypt
ascentions
descensions

MEDICAL
St. Luke, Supv.

faith healings
raising of dead
virgin births
creation of women
(rib technique)
immaculate conceptions

PSYCHIATRIC

removal of evil spirits

HEAVEN
St. Peter, Admissions

golden streets main.
halo, gown, harp
repair

HELL
Satan, admissions

temperature control
dental div.
(new sets of
teeth to gnash)

COMPLAINTS
Job, Supv.

—*by* An Anonymous Religion Major

Ockham's Razor

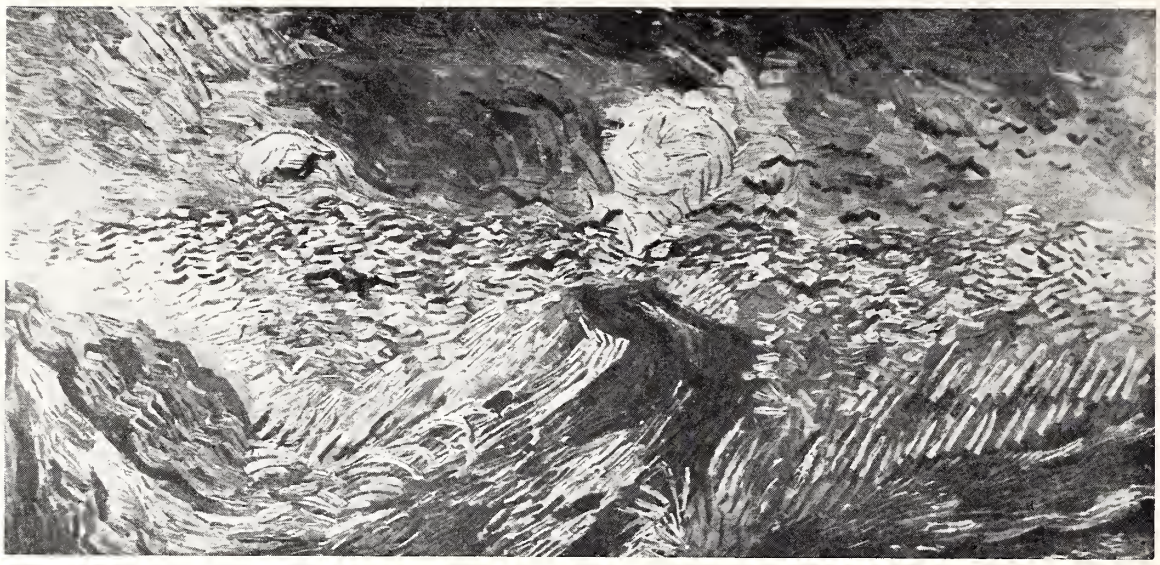
"There's somethin' flowin' through them pipes—
And it aint blood,
And it aint oil,
And it aint iced-cold lemonade."
Sunset and grass blades;
Bright-burning-up-golden-green.
A red brick building.
Grass—a path—grass.
A red brick building.
"Thisness" on a strip of brown sunlight.
The air shines.
The trees shine.
Etc. shines.
"Our sensation is the standard of all truth and reality."

The mind is surrounded by a big, vast, empty space like
nothing.
It's got four planes: Earth is on top like it is in Milton's
Paradise Lost,
And a thin sheet of gelatinous water-like protoplasm, or
egg whites,
Separates the Earth from a big, windy cavern, at the bottom
of which a fire is burning.

(Air separates the water from the fire.)
Well, electroencephalographic birds which are thoughts
Rise from the blaze and shoot against the water-screen
like atoms;
Some penetrate the osmotic substance and get through,
Others don't . . .

Tomorrow and tomorrow andto-morrowandto-morrowandtom-
orrowandtomorrowandtomillow:
I aint never seen Saturday evening before.
Skinny blue jeans and bare-foot sandals,
And the grass don't mean anything
'Cause I heard a freshman say
That he used to like to eat grass
Back in Florida, where the sun grows on orange trees.
"Imagination is nothing but decaying sense."

—HERB KITSON



VAN GOGH—
Crows in a wheat field

Yellow August

Yellow August: a
field of corn. i see a crow
and think of Van Gogh

sheep, black-eyed susans,
haystacks in neat piles, a few
apples on the trees

an overgrown field:
a white butterfly perches
on some queen anne's lace

sunset: a stagnant
pool. gnats hovering: where they
light, they make ripples

the end of summer:
tired green, dryness, and dust;
a few leaves falling.

—HERBERT KITSON

VAN GOGH—
Sunflowers

THERE IS NO TOMORROW

I remember those great long times
When tomorrow was so far away,
And yesterday knew no obligations.
I remember yesterday
When the willow's weeping wands dipped
To touch the silken surface of the sea,
And the oak leaves rustled endlessly.
Why did yesterday have to go?
I will never know until yesterday becomes today,
And the ties that bind today to tomorrow are gone.
Those days are gone when we lay in each other's arms,
And when we heard nothing but mist and love.
But now you are somewhere in the stars and the night.

How beautiful is the night
When the chatter has been quieted,
For now the fog comes and enfolds
The midnight strangers who stalk and roam about.
I wonder who they may be;
But when I hear the moans of sorrow
And the weeping terns on the shores,
I wonder no longer. I know.
I must run from the fog, for THEY are there—
I must not be caught.
I have run forever and a day, and I am tired—
Rest seems so peaceful to those who may not rest.
The fog does not rest, but rambles on,
Searching for the hollows in the land.
"Run on, run on," a voice cries out,
And I run, on and on.
How often do the saturated vapors of the dawn
Roll on.
How often do they drift and float and shift
In the twilight's gentle hours?
I hear that voice above the night air's silent breathing.
The heaving ground's soft sighs
Lull the owl's soaring flight and the hawk's frantic search.
My search is not yet ended, not yet . . .

"There is no tomorrow after death has had its way.
There is no tomorrow after love has gone away,"
Those foggy voices cry. "Run on, run on!"
And I run from ghosts that stalk and roam the nights and days.
I must run, though I think it wrong,
For if I dawdle by the way side
There may be no tomorrow.

—TOM MORRISON

Life And More

There was teeming life
And more life teeming
About the corny shores of life.
And each person lived in the same way—
Differently.
And each person died in the same way—
Alone.
But mobs and crowds
(The same thing, actually)
Never cared to give a damn,
And more life teemed about the shores.

—TOM MORRISON

Momentary Hesitation Before Parting

Within
Your eye,
A wishing well,
My penny wobbles
To the bottom.
Water ripples
Down
Your cheek.

—ED ALDERMAN

Kill I An 'Gogue

Oh Espouser! You
Who seem to see right through
All actions, thoughts and words
To take what you have heard
And hide yourself in deeds of might
That we may see how you are bright,
How you are so supreme.
Many thanks! good sir, for all your mind
When I plead "teach, that I may find
Some truth to know and hold and love."
Open my brain; into it shove
Your thoughts, your likes, that I may see
Your lack of all uncertainty
As you to us would seem.

A Cynic? No! Not our new light
Whose words we must receive as right.
I came here that I may know,
And you, the 'gogue, put on a show
And think my mind Can't comprehend
A thought not bathed in some fine blend
To make it as a joke.
Now would you please allow me to
Open my eyes and see through you
(Which isn't hard with your great depth.)
For us who sit enduring, wept
Oft have I that we must judge
If what you say is fact or grudge.
I'll make my own damn mind!

—WAYNE VARNER

Visit
Wofford College
BOOK STORE
For

A Choice Selection of Paperbacks
The Modern Library Series
Slide Rules and Repair Parts
English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Monarch Outline Series

Poster Prints
College Seals and Jewelry
Composition Books
Latest Stereo Records
Wofford Stationery
Fraternity Mugs
Novelty Greeting Cards
School Supplies
Sonic Flite Luggage

—— HOURS ——
Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 7:30 P. M.
Saturday: 8:30 A. M. - 1:00 P. M.

To Get Away

The sloop glided through the water, gently pushing aside the small waves which gurgled along the chine like marbles in a wooden bucket. It was late. The sun slanted down and increased the greenness of the water, making it seem deeper. The sunlight shone through the old sail making the small canvas patches show themselves as the amateur repairs they were. The old boat, which had a small cabin on it, showed many signs of wear. The decks were patched with plywood where they had been worn through and the exposed wood took on a silvery sheen from the constant weathering of wind and salt. The seats in the stern were silky smooth from the constant rubbing of trousers over them.

Sailing South, I had planned to reach a narrow channel between the islands which led to the sea. This channel carried much water to and from the sea in the course of the day. It makes quite a difference whether or not you catch the tide in the right direction. I soon became concerned as to where the tide was because I was about to approach the entrance. With the darkness pressing in, I became quite alert to the fact that I had better make a landing, lest I be carried seaward to spend a night on the ocean. The swiftness by which the small channel markers swept past indicated a rapidly ebbing tide. I swung the tiller away and edged the boat toward the leeward side of a small point jutting out into the channel. The rocks eddyed the current away from the shaky dock. As soon as I was within the cove, I noticed the wind had died, which was characteristic of the end of the day. I hoped it would pick up and blow off shore later in the evening to keep the bugs away.

Securing the boat, I picked up my box of canned goods and walked down the rocky, coral path to a small shack which seemed to have been a packing crate for a very large machine some time in the past.

I thought to myself that it had been very close to a year since I had been out here. The lush undergrowth around the shack seemed to swallow the small box of a house until I almost expected to see it disappear from sight. The old lock fell apart in my hands as I tried to insert a key to open it. The door hinges were quite stiff, and I made a note to myself to remember to lubricate them when possible. The spartan interior of the island hut was all wood, just like the outside, only not quite as weathered. A huge Golden Garden spider climbed his web towards a nook in the ceiling. He climbed into the Japanese glass float which hung from the ceiling. I welcomed this retreat for awhile insofar as leaving civilization was concerned. Although I had good reason for leaving, I felt as though I should think more seriously of returning with higher hopes.

There was much evidence of neglect. Even the kerosene in the old hurricane lamp had evaporated completely. This meant another trip to the boat for some fuel if I wanted some light for the evening. The bugs weren't too bad that time of the year, so I opened the window at the rear of the cabin and propped open the front door, if one could sall it that. I unfolded one of the musty-smelling cots and pushed it over into the corner. After putting a blanket and pillow on it, I checked the boat once more and went to bed. That first night was remarkably pleasant. The isolation of the island cut off all of the city noises one usually hears and all I could hear was the wind in the trees.

The next morning, after making some

coffee, I discovered I had forgotten to bring in my small pan for the hot cereal. Turning the coffee down low, I stepped out into the early morning. A moderate breeze came in through the cut and with it the tide. *Tursiops* was riding well at her lines and for an old boat she looked remarkably graceful. In the small cove, a school of minnows hung motionless under the stern as if they were each tied there up gossamer threads.

I looked towards the sea and became entranced at the ocean. The green water of the inlet sluiced toward the bay through a narrow channel in the shoals. The color then changed to a blue-green with a still bluer area between that and the horizon. Since the tide was high, the breakers on several of the higher reefs were mere whitecaps. "The reef out there has sure played an important part in the history of these islands," I thought to myself. It was true. I had read several books on the subject and the reefs had wrecked ships several times a month before dependable navigation aids were installed. The people living on the islands, colorfully named "Wreckers," would race each other to see who would be the first to claim salvage rights on the helpless ships. They would bring the salvaged goods a shore and use them or sell them. Sometimes they would even go as far as to set up false lights on the reef to purposely run the ships aground.

To the South I could just see an indistinct, gray blur on the horizon which I knew to be Warren Light, named in honor of the *H. M. S. Warren* which ran aground and sank there during a heavy storm in 1732. Warren Light was a tall, spidery structure constructed of steel and located on the edge of the reef. It flashes a white light at night to warn other ships of the shoal water.

Squatting down, I pulled in the port bow line and carefully stepped on board. The damp salt, which had accumulated during the night, made the deck slippery and I made extra sure of my footing as I walked down the port side. I slid back the worn hatch cover and swung down into the cabin. Half hunched over and partially crawling, I made my way to the forward part of the cabin and pushed up the forward hatch so the air could circulate freely. Reaching over a bunk, I opened a cabinet and found a small, open box of silverware and the small pan. I carefully put these on the dock and went below to get some extra clothes. Suddenly there was a strange sound of flapping wings outside. I hurried up the hatchway just in time to see a gull fly away with a spoon in his beak. "Come back here you stupid bird!", I yelled, as if he really understood what I was saying. Mumbling to myself, I got off the boat and carried the box and pan to the house. Breakfast was over very soon. I straightened up the cabin and unpacked my Hawiian sling. The weather was so nice that I decided to go spearfishing.

Sailing out the cut was pretty tricky for an inexperienced sailor, but I had learned a few things about it on my previous trips to the Keys. There is a channel which hugs the South shore where the current is not as strong as it is in the middle of the cut. Lining up the tall pine behind me and Warren Light ahead of me, I sailed out to the Southeast. The last time I had made a trip to the rocks, I was with my brother and father and did we ever catch fish! Today I was only looking for some small fish for dinner and maybe a few extra so I would be able to bait a couple of shark hooks that night. Watching the bottom, I noticed several rays and small schools of fish darting away from the boat. As the water became deeper there was less and less growing on the bottom until it was almost thirty feet deep with a white, sandy bottom. Off shore of all these islands the pattern of the sea floor was very similar. It sloped out from the shore very gradually until it was thirty to fifty feet deep. Piles of coral and rock were scattered over some of this area and provided very good fishing spots. Three or four miles off shore, the bottom sloped up again to the coral reefs which were sometimes awash at low tide. These reefs were extremely delicate, and the coral polyps which constructed them always have fascinated me. When the water is quiet, an exciting swim through the maze of sea fans and coral produces many objects of curiosity. Past the reefs, the sea floor sloped down very quickly and in some areas, fifty yards across the surface could mean a difference of three or four hundred in depth. Underwater, some of these cliffs can make one shiver as he watches them disappear into the blue depths.

The light on the horizon became slightly larger and I watched the bottom carefully for an indication of what I was looking for. A large indistinguishable gray shape loomed ahead under the water. The first rock was as big as a Pullman car!

Rounding up into the wind, I stepped forward and released the main halyard and the jib halyard. Both sails dropped quickly. The main made a clakity sound as the slides on the sail slid down the metal track on the mast. Making a quick furl of both sails,I tied them out of the way. By now the boat had lost way and I checked the anchor before dropping it over the side. The half-inch manila slipped through my hands as if they had grooves in them. I was taught a long time ago never to throw an anchor from a boat because the lines could become caught and tangled.

"Look at the size of that Jewfish," I whispered to myself, as a huge shadow swam into the glare on the water, obscuring it from view. The sun shone down warmly on my back and I stripped down to a pair of shorts and a knife. I tossed my shirt under the cockpit seat to keep it dry. Feeling around under the seat with my fingers, I found my old diving mask, which had a string to replace the broken rubber strap. I could remember having the mask a long time before I ever came out in a boat. I slipped over the side and was soon lazily swimming through the clear water. The small Hawaiin sling in my hand was all I needed for these small fish. An Hawaiian sling is a tube-like affair, about one foot long, made out of bamboo or some similar type of material. A piece of surgical tubing is tied to one end. The spear is slipped into the tube and the rubber tubing is slipped over the

end of it. The whole thing works very similar to a slingshot.

Hogsnapper and small Grouper were what I was looking for. There were many down there but it was just a case of getting in range. Several hours and several fish later, I was still chasing one particularly large Hogsnapper around the pile of rocks. I would see him, surface for air, and dive again, just in time to see him disappear behind some rocks. This went on for five or ten minutes until he went into a small cave under a cliff. I surfaced and drew in a very large breath of air. Making a quick surface dive, I dived and placed myself in front of the opening in which the fish had gone. He nosed out part way and I let the spear go. It hit him behind the gill plate and I pulled him out side ways and up to the boat. I put him in the bucket of water with the others to keep him fresh. The sun was low so I pulled up the anchor and the sail and headed North.

The sail back was more difficult than before the wind had shifted during the afternoon and was coming from the Northeast. It was a close hauled reach all the way back to the inlet. I cleaned the fish that night and had a very tasty fish dinner.

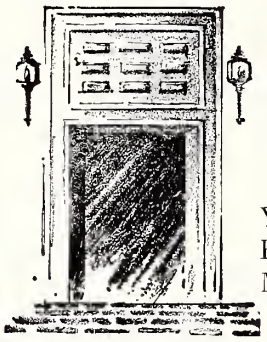
My stay on the island was nearing its end and soon I had to begin preparing for the trip back. I had made my decision to return.

That last morning I sat out on the old dock watching the first rays of light hide the stars. Out here, away from city lights, stars shine in unbelievable numbers. As the light grew, color came to the Mangrove trees on the shore. First it was a deep, dark, green, lightening gradually until individual leaves became more distinct. How quiet it was with the current coming in and swirling around the pilings. Mullet jumped farther back in the cove, showing their silvery sides. I was glad I had loaded the boat early and was able to just sit here and listen to all the silence of the early morning. Yes, I would go back and try again. I felt more confidence now that I had been away. ●

—John Nordt

WHITLOCK'S PHARMACY, INC.
(Next to General Hospital)
Complete Drug Service

"The Most Trusted Name In Jewelry"
KOSCH & GRAY
SPARTANBURG'S LEADING JEWELERS
158 E. MAIN STREET
Downtown Spartanburg, S. C.

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.

Terrace Entrance
Your Fashion Entrance For Men and Boys

HORTON'S CLEANERS
We Are Shirt Specialists
We Rent Formal Wear
146 North Liberty Street

Sears
Why Not Charge It?
College Men CAN Have Credit At Sears
Just stop by our credit department and put in application. Your request will receive prompt attention. No co-signer is needed.

Compliments Of
CAPRI LOUNGE
190 E. St. Johns St.

For The Students
Burger Chef
Home Of The
"BIG SHEF"
By
Pinewood Shopping Center

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS
PRICES'
Store For Men
113-115 N. CHURCH STREET
- Bass Weejuns
- Sero Shirts
- London Fog Shirts

BELK - HUDSON

Men's Shops

Downtown - Hillcrest

—— *Presents* ——

- John Cristy Sport Coats
- Campus Togs Suits
- Brae Mar (lamb's wool sweaters from Scotland)

REASONABLE PRICES

CRAFT'S

Quality

DRUG STORES

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

THE MUSIC BOX

518 East Main Street

Records - Gifts

Novelty Cards

MONOGRAM SERVICE

For

NAPKINS - MATCHES - STATIONERY

Coke has the taste you never get tired of.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Spartanburg

GREENEWALD'S

INCORPORATED

Complete Outfitters

for

College Men

COMPLETE SERVICE

Laundering - Dry Cleaning - Tailoring

Artex Cleaners

Discounts To Students

213 Magnolia Street ***Spartanburg, S. C.***

Editorial

AN UNDERSTANDING ATTITUDE

Ralph McGill

Perhaps the most interesting guest on Wofford's campus recently was Ralph McGill, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*. Even though he was not a dynamic speaker or one with radical ideas, he captured the attention of the Wofford student body as very few speakers have. The man was given respect which is something unusual for our student body to afford to a speaker of an older generation. (This statement is embarrassing to make but it is true.) Why was this respect given?

I had the opportunity of eating dinner with Mr. McGill and of listening to him talk further. I was impressed. Here was a man who expressed his opinions and expressed them well. He won a Pulitzer Prize for this ability and its results. But more importantly I saw a man who looked at all sides of a question, and who considered the points of view of all concerned before he made up his mind. Mr. McGill impressed me as a man who is constantly rethinking his position in the light of new developments. Perhaps this open-minded attitude was the reason the students responded as they did.

I used the word "attitude." Attitude is something that can be seen concretely in the actions and words of a man. But, and perhaps more importantly, attitude can be seen and felt by just observing a man. I met Mr. McGill and, because of what he said and his attitude, trusted him to respect my problems and opinions and to seriously consider and attempt to understand them. This attitude seems to be rare these days.

There are many issues facing the contemporary American that require an opinion (for instance the Vietnam war, and the race problem). Often we are quick to jump on a pro or con bandwagon before considering the case for the other side (students are especially mad at this). But it is worse to establish an opinion and then to have a closed mind to new developments and to other people's opinions.

The Church

The Church has traditionally been a conservative element in society. Conservatism is healthy; however, when it is not open-minded, conservatism can be deadly to a society. It seems that the Church has to a certain, significant extent, fallen into this trap and alienated itself from a large number of young people. The Church has neglected or refused to speak to the needs and problems of today's youth.

The world has changed radically in the last thirty years. Some of the problems to be faced are entirely different from those of a few years ago. In the 1930's young people faced a world that was financially insecure. Today's young people are faced with a world that offers the possibility of complete physical annihilation. In an effort to deal with these problems young people are breaking with traditional religion and experimenting with new approaches, often without the support or blessing of the Church. The Church has to a large extent refused to try to understand and to offer help that really speaks to the problems that must be faced. This attitude will probably produce two reactions. (1) An even more extreme and radical break from traditional Christianity or (2) apathy, which is the most common and the most dangerous of the two.

If the Christian Church does not act on this problem it is entirely possible that it could lose a large number of intelligent, would be supporters from this generation. It must talk with and try to understand the new problems and ideas of the modern young people. And, most importantly, the Church must allow change (within at least a segment of its members) in approach, outlook, and action or it will eventually be left behind.

Granted, this problem is most difficult. It can be solved only if ALL approach it responsibly, sensibly, and with consideration for other opinions, and other people. The problem exists and it MUST be dealt with.

Wofford College

The absence of the comments at the bottom of the bulletin boards in front of and behind Old Main should not go unnoticed. The presence of these accurate and amusing comments added life to the dry schedule of "events" for the week. We would like to see them back.

—The Editor

TO: Wofford College Students

FROM: Committee on the Interim

Gentlemen:

The attached list of Interim Projects (January 1968) is by no means the limit of possibilities for Interim study. You are encouraged to initiate a project of your own.

Project descriptions for the Interim term at cooperating colleges, which are open to Wofford students, will be contained in a supplement to be distributed at a later date. Costs listed in both the Wofford and cooperating college descriptions are the estimated extra costs of books, equipment and travel expense. The courses themselves have been paid for in first term fees.

(Supplement)

Spartanburg: An Orbiting Seminar

A study of the history of Spartanburg, S. C., conducted both on campus and on bus tours to points of interest in the city and surrounding area from I-85 to Frey's Creek. Of special interest will be a fifteen minute lecture on the cultural life of the city by Mayor Robert Stoddard and a four and a half day tour of the facilities of the Spartanburg Railroad Depot. Although the course will be open to members of all classes, senior history majors interested in receiving graduate school recommendations are urged to give it serious consideration.

Mexican Culture

This course will be an attempt to introduce Wofford students to the four "B" 's of Mexican Culture: Brawls, Booze, Broads, and Basteria. Students will participate in tours of such centers of Mexican Culture as Juarez, Tiauana, and Acapulco. Although the sponsors do not care in what shape students begin this trip, a rigorous physical examination will be required for students to re-enter the college.

Cost: $5,000.00 (does not include souvenirs and penicillin)

*The Exceptional Mind on the Wofford College Campus

Essentially a case study project, this program will examine the development of exceptional intelligence among members of the Wofford College Community. Special emphasis will be placed on effect of the Wofford environment on the development and functioning of both students and faculty. Extensive use will be made of testing procedures and statistical analysis.

Prerequisite: Background in statistics and psychology

*Program has been cancelled due to lack of facilities at Wofford.

Introduction to The Black Arts

Dame Sybil Leek, noted British witch, will conduct a seminar for a limited number of science and liberal arts majors based on her wide acquaintance with Black Magic. Discussed will be such topics as necromancy, spell casting, and beginning and intermediate cursing. Highlight of the course will be a Black Mass and altar desecration celebrated in the sanctuary of Central Methodist Church (the Student's Church).

An Expedition into the Possibility of Understanding the Description of Interim Project 50.

This project should be begun with high hopes, great expectations, and the knowledge that there is only a moderate chance of success. Failure to understand any of the project description does not necessarily mean that the student will fail. However, students will be expected to make a reasonable effort to understand at least one sentence.

Prerequisite: M.A. in Philosophy (at least).

Cost: One set of fingernails (minimum)

Great Decisions: 1967

A study of the more significant decisions made by the Wofford student government during the year 1967. This study will consider the foreign policy of President Dickert as seen in his decisions on The Citadel Crisis and his diplomatic intercourse with Queens, Columbia, Converse, and Winthrop. The project will also include an in-depth study of the domestic policy of the Wofford College Student Government Association. Students will consider such famous erudite debates as the Broom Bill (passed), the Wednesday Night Raw Steak Bill (commonly known as the Filet of Tire Bill), the Larger Cups in the Coke Machine Bill, the Color TV Bill, etc. Students interested in intensive study may do extensive reading of speeches and writings of leading Senate figures.

Remember the Cow Pens

An attempt to involve a number of Wofford students and faculty in studying all aspects of the design, function, and maintenance of modern cattle housing facilities. Attention will be paid to the theory of bovine sanitation including in depth studies of manure handling and fly control. The project will attempt to involve students mentally, physically, and emotionally.

A Study of Black Alumni Hall

For four weeks students will make an intensive effort to discover what goes on in Black Alumni Hall. Subjects of study will include—the Wofford College Publicity Department? the Wofford College Placement Office? and the magnificent contributions of these agencies to the progress and well being of the school, past, present and future.

A Decade of Cinema at the Pariee Theatre

An attempt to introduce the student to a selection of fine artistic films which have been presented at the Pariee Theater over a decade of Cinema history. Each student will be required to write a paper dealing critically with one of the film classics, such as "Moll Flanders meets Lady Chatterly."

Everything

A study of the sixteenth, seventeenth, eighteenth, nineteenth, and early twentieth century world cultural development in the fields of art, literature, history, economics, philosophy, religion, science, politics, and related areas, as reflected in the writings of selected poets, philosophers, historians, scientists, journalists, diarists, letter writers, grafitti masters, essayists, theologians, economists, pamphleteers, and frustrated old maids.

Dissent

After two weeks of lectures, reading, and rigorous physical conditioning, students will travel in small groups to pre-selected areas to participate in training for either rioting or demonstrations.

A. Rioting: Students will be taught fundamentals of pillaging, looting, arson, and general vandalism. Grade will be based on actual property destruction.

B. Demonstrations: Students will be taught the fundamentals of and participate in walk-ins, stand-ins, sit-ins, crawl-ins, and love-ins. Grade will be based on qualitative grounds, such as enthusiasm and creativity.

—*Photo by* Louis P. Smith

THE WAY OUT IS CLEAR ENOUGH

TANT MIEUX

And we are here as on a
swept with confused alar
where ignorant armies clash

ad his nauNSON

e d suffre him do his

e tee.

The Journal

QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE PRIUS DEMENTAT

SOUTH
♠ 456
♥ 8910
♦ AQ32
♣ 942

The Progress of Civilization is not wholly a uniform drift towards better things.

VIVE la bagatelle!

There is nothing straight -

THE LAST
OUR CULTURE.
TANT PIS

March, 1968

Left us
return to the
three dimensional
Creatures of our world.

The sum of the reciprocals of the divisors of all perfect numbers including the perfect number itself equal 2.

slanity

WEST
♠ AKJ972
♦ VOID
♥ KJ109
♣ 53

Let us take a simpler example.

e to lack
interest, the
ld will be called
tomorrow.

According to this theory, the evolution of laws of nature is concurrent with the evolution of enduring patterns.

THE Bidding:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♥	2♠	2♣	3♦
3♥	4♠	PASS	4♦
4♥	Dble.	—	—

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME 78 ● NO. 3 | SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA | MARCH ● 1968

CONTENTS

ARTICLES

THE FUTURE OF THE FINE ARTS AT WOFFORD COLLEGE ..... *Peter Moore* 2
"DO YOUR THING" ..... *Tim Beeton* 5
TOWARDS A JOYFUL CHRISTIAN LIFE ..... *Jim Mahaffey* 6
THE CHURCH: RENEWAL IN REVOLUTION ..... *Wayne Varner* 7
AMERICAN POETRY SINCE 1945: A NEW LOOK BACKWARD, *Richard Ruthven* 10
A FANTASY ..... *Jerry Chappell* 14
EDITORIAL ..... *William Rivers* 23

POETRY

LEGACY ..... *Herb Kitson* 4
SONNET ..... *Thomas Morrison* 4
THE LIE ..... *Jon Stanton* 9
BEHIND THE MASK ..... *Dale Dallara* 10
"LETTER TO A GIRL BACK HOME" ..... *Anonymous* 12
BUS STATION MAGIC ..... *Jerry Chappell* 15
DARKNESS CASTS SPELLS ..... *Thomas Morrison* 16
A WALL ..... *Will Goforth* 19
TOMORROW ..... *E. Carey Sharpe* 20
FIRST LOVE ..... *Herb Kitson* 21
TOMB ..... *Edward Alderman* 22

THE JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1889 | VOLUME 78, NUMBER 3

Editor ..... WILLIAM RIVERS
Assistant Editor ..... HARRY MCKOWN
Business Manager ..... JOHN STEWART
Photographer ..... LOUIS P. SMITH
Artist ..... DONNIE PARKER
Typist ..... JERRY CHAPPELL

THE JOURNAL is published four times during the academic year—October, December, March and May—by the students of Wofford College. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager. Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Professor Howard Pegram is advisor. Printed by The Charles P. Smith Printing Company, Greer, S. C.

The Future Of The Fine Arts At Wofford College

---by Peter Moore

The thick, sleepy scent of the magnolia blossoms is finally clearing from the atmosphere of Wofford College. In its place is a gust of fresh air, a period of change and educational revolution that is the culmination point of years of strangling tradition. For, in addition to the initiation of a plan for independent study, there has been extensive expansion in curriculum and in physical facilities. In spite of all the divergence from the beaten path, however, the aim of Wofford College has remained the development of the whole man; through its liberal arts program Wofford strives to produce men who, while proficient in their chosen fields, have attained the perceptive ability to judge standards, to find truth, and to pursue a life of meaning. Choosing a major at Wofford is not equivalent to signing a contract for concentrated study in only one department. Most departmental majors are designed specifically to allow the student to select elective courses for his own enrichment, whether these courses be in physical education or in chemistry. The mere fact that no minor degree is required provides extensive liberty of choice.

In light of these facts, it is somewhat sad and ironic that the fine arts program at Wofford is virtually immobile, not because of lack of good quality instruction, but rather due to an unbalanced "departmental protocol," which demands that funds be allocated for needs in the order of their urgency and their relevance to the purpose of the College. Music and art have had to remain in the background while other, more essential requirements, are served.

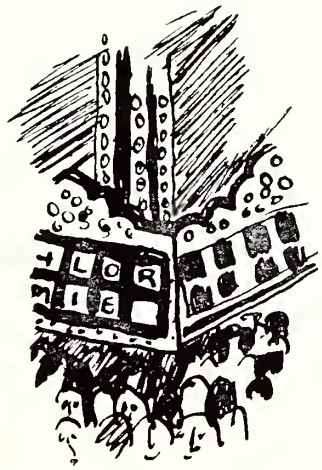
A few years ago, two luxurious dormitories were sorely needed—Wofford met the challenge. A more recent and equally exorbitant task of constructing an accommodating library is fast being met, as are the pressures for adequate recreational and dining facilities and for an additional dormitory. In short, it might seem to the casual observer that Wofford College excels in providing *places* to do things—places to study, places to relax, sleep, and eat—but that the institution may be falling short of its potential to provide enough of the real stuff, the meat of learning, to be taken into these edifices and devoured. But to limit the subject of this essay to the future of the fine arts on the campus, it is sufficient to say that the College's curriculum in the arts is sorely deficient and that much improvement and expansion are needed before Wofford can meet the test of providing a balanced liberal arts program. For it is in the arts that the true soul of man is found, no less than in literature and history, since art is the abstract language expressing man's ultimate and most profound ideas and aspirations; art is the

direct reflection of man's values and his striving to construct a thing of beauty and meaning. A student cannot claim to have a fine liberal arts education without having had more than a smattering of courses in the fine arts.

However one interprets the purpose of liberal arts education, it cannot be denied that the very name, "liberal arts," impiles something about the curriculum. The man who comes to a college such as Wofford to study business or prepare for a career in medicine or any other technical field is nevertheless pursuing a liberal arts education. He needs to broaden his intellectual horizons beyond his specific chosen field; in short, he needs a college that has wisely given the *arts* ample prestige in the liberal arts program.

As for the specific needs in the area of fine arts, perhaps it is impossible at this stage to judge which essentials have precedence over others. Naturally, we must add to our staff of instructors in the department. Although the College could not hope to attain instructors of higher calibre than the present staff, we cannot expect even these two most dedicated and talented professors to meet the needs of a modern progressive institution. The one music professor at Wofford must spend a great deal of time with such ensemble groups as the Glee Club, the Wind Ensemble, and the Band, and therefore, he is able to teach only two courses in music each semester. He has used his initiative in creating a new music course called Music 111, the History of Music, which is now offered alternately with Music Appreciation, but he cannot be expected single-handedly to expand the music curriculum to its potential strength. Our professor of art offers superior courses in several fields of arts, but she also is limited to the teaching of two courses per semester, thus eliminating the possibility of her offering such in-depth studies as techniques of perspective or actual instruction in painting and drawing. Granted, there has been a small degree of expansion in the fine arts curriculum, with the recent offerings of voice and instrumental instruction, but the great scope of the development we still need necessarily requires an enlargement of the faculty in the music and art department. This urgent need for enlargement in staff presents a similarly immediate demand for enlargement of physical facilities for the department, especially for greater office space and rehearsal areas. It seems however, that the College excels in providing buildings for all worthwhile academic activities; therefore, the necessity for enlargement of the Black Music and Art Building will not be elaborated here.

Has a college succeeded in quenching the aesthetic thirst of its students when it provides a few art and music courses for electives? Let us hope not. Drama, one of the most emotional and expressive



of the arts, cannot be neglected forever even at a small college. Though a drama department at Wofford is likely to be in the far distant future, its establistment is virtually inevitable, for participation in dramatics cannot eternally be limited to Interim projects and small roles in the plays of nearby women's colleges.

Perhaps in the future we may even see the initiation of a major degree in fine arts at Wofford. This does not necessarily imply that Wofford graduates who have an A. B. degree in fine arts would be concert musicians, artists, or actors, but that they would have a solid foundation in all the arts, while they are more knowlegeable in one particular area. Indeed, the function of a liberal arts college is to *correlate* rather than to specialize. The student of fine arts in the university rarely gets the opportunity really to interrelate his studies, since the entire institution is highly compartmentalized and specialized. He must drive toward superior proficiency in one area of the applied arts; he is virtually isolated from the current trends of thought in departments other than his own. At a small college, however, the fine arts major remains in direct contact with the whole community. He is not necessarily an actor, a musician, nor a painter, but is an alert scholar who can relate his knowledge and understanding to other fields and to life in the contemporary world.

The requirements for the degree in fine arts could be structured so that at least six hours must be taken in each of the three departments, music, art, and drama, while twelve additional hours are required in the specific field of the student. The degree would remain as a fine arts degree, however, rather than a music, dramatics, or art degree.

In this fast-paced, nuclear, industrialized age, the university is fast replacing the independent college as the answer to higher education needs. The university is generally able to offer a much broader curriculum and a larger faculty, thereby attracting the more curious and demanding students. We of the Wofford community would rebel against the anonymity of the university, however. We know that here we are free to carry out our intellectual pursuits while remaining individuals. But we must be aware of the shortcomings of our institution as well as its outstanding attributes if we are to survive in the world of big-business education. Taking action on our need for expansion and improvement in the arts is only one step that we must take to insure that Wofford College is able to compete with the multiversity and the more heavily endowed private colleges. To protect ourselves against the possibility of lower calibre students as we raise our tuition each year, we must be cautious that all of our standards meet the criterion of excellence that has been a tradition at Wofford. ●

—*Peter Moore*

Legacy

Presentational:
The gap between waking and
Sleeping is a dream.
("I think; therefore, I am.")

—Rene Descartes, 1641

Late at night the mind
Sighs as it wanders. It thinks
Of long-ago things:

("There is no universe, no human race, no earthly life, no heaven, no hell. It is all a dream—a grotesque and foolish dream. Nothing exists but you. And you are but a thought—a vagrant thought, a useless thought, a homeless thought, wandering forlorn among the empty eternities.")

—Mark Twain, 1916

One day, I remember,
We went out, together,
And took a walk.

("Existence precedes essence. Man is nothing else but that which he makes of himslf.")

—Jean-Paul Sartre, 1946

—HERB KITSON

Sonnet

I stared out into the empty snow and thought
Of your departure in the night. I wept,
And all my other thoughts were brutally swept
From me. From heart-sick depths I feared, I sought
A fleeting glimpse of reason, but for naught.
Oh, sleep! Since you have gone I have not slept,
And I cursed the troubled hours since you left,
While counting all the tears your leaving brought.

You still have not told me what those last words meant,
Those words you uttered as you left to see
Your other love across the snow. You went,
But trust not the false love to whom you flee.
The sun shines dully, for the night is spent;
And I see you now as you return to me.

—THOMAS F. MORRISON

"Do Your Thing"

---by Tim Beeton

"Why did you drop out of straight society?" was the question I always asked persons who, to me, looked as if they had dropped out, or who were reportedly hippies. I got several answers; funny, interesting, and often gross, but at least I usually got an answer.

"Sherm, ol hippie, ol pal. Why have you dropped out of society?" I asked Sherm one day.

"I haven't dropped out," replied Sherman.

"Ok, what would you call it?"

"I just dropped in, that's all."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, about a year ago or so I realized, or felt, that life didn't have much to offer. I tried all the esthetic appreciation stuff and even a little Sunday morning religion and finally I realized that these weren't of much use since I didn't even know what my values were. So I decided to drop-in on myself and see what was there, and that's it."

"No, go on, you're interesting."

"Go on? That's it for the last year or so. I've been dropped in, to see what condition my condition was in."

"Wow, like in the song?" "Tell me what you've discovered while you've been dropped in."

"I suppose the best thing I've learned is that everybody should do their thing."

"Thing?"

"Yea, thing." "The hard part sometimes is finding what your particular thing is."

"Well, have you found what your thing is?"

"Yes."

"Well?"

"It's love, my thing is love. Love for God and love for my bitch."

"That seems noble and romantic and all, but I thought someone's thing was his job."

"Well, in a way love is a damn rough job, but actually your thing is much more than your job, although it is related to what you do. As far as my thoughts go on, it or the thing is the job or occupation of your soul."

"What are you going to do, now that you know your thing?"

"I'm going to seminary."

"Tremendous! but that is expensive."

"Oh, I have plenty of money . . . I push drugs." ●

Tim Beeton spent his Interum in Washington studying Hippies. This short conversation reflects the values and faults he recognized in their way of life.

Towards A Joyful Christian Life

---by Jim Mahaffey

For a few moments let us consider together the very real possibilities of a Christian life full of genuine intellectual and emotional joy. Before we proceed, however, it is necessary to do a little weeding and to open a few windows so that our thoughts will be presented on clear ground in a fresh atmosphere. To begin with, it is understood that joy, whether intellectual (derived from mental activity) or emotional (derived from events), can be a very selfish experience, and like all other gifts of God it may be relished without the slightest regard for or benefit to the Church or another individual. In that case, however, it ceases to be Christian joy and hence does not concern us here. Secondly, I do not presume to propose a kind of Christian life which calls for utter sacrifice to humanity without regard to concrete personal benefit. I cannot even *pretend* to endorse something from which I could receive no real satisfaction. Indeed, the fact is that both traditionally and scripturally a certain joy is one of the real benefits of the true Christian life, received through the Holy Spirit as a gift which is second only to love, according to Paul (See Galatians 5:22). Thirdly, these thoughts are shared with those who are at least mildly discontented with her Christian lives and are open-minded enough to consider acting upon a few suggestions wrought from my own meager experience.

Many will agree that it is terribly hard to fully experience another person's joy with him. Secondhand joy is usually about as exciting as an old balloon or a lukewarm cup of coffee. But according to the New Testament writers and to many who are around today, all Christians can experience first hand a genuine joy which stems from their religion. Historically, the first experience of Christian joy came when Christ appeared to His disciples after the crucifixion. The Lukan account, in fact, records that "they disbelieved for joy" at the Master's resurrection and presence with them. This joy doubtless added real dynamic to the message they were to spread throughout the land. The news was joyful. It was Good News: Christ was alive!

Unfortunately, we are several centuries removed from that startling and exhilarating proclamation. In effect, the News, though good, has become old, and too often the message comes joyless to our minds and ears.

There is, however, a way out of our dilemma. Our Lord, it seems, did not leave us to depend on our memories or the New Testament records alone. He foretold that the Spirit would come to empower the disciples in their work. The second chapter of Acts gives evidence of the fulfillment of that prediction. And who can deny it—Pentecost was a joyful experience! The Spirit of the living Christ had come to reside in the hearts of the believers. Thus Paul could speak of the life "in Christ" (in the Spirit of Christ) as one which could bear the fruit of love and joy. Religion was no longer a matter of obedience to such and such rules and adherence to certain laws; it was a joyful existence under the leadership of a living Lord.

The question for us therefore becomes as follows: can we as Christians living in 1968 experience the Christian joy which motivated and enlivened the early Church?

A good place to begin answering this question is, I think, the situation of the first joyful Christians in history. We recall that what caused their joy was a realization that Christ was alive. And if Christ was alive, then He was who He said He was, and all His teachings and sayings were the truth as spoken by God Incarnate! The implications were incredible: forgiveness, peace, joy, freedom, eternal life!

But wait. There was a string attached, and one can imagine Jesus' countenance as He attached it. With a penetrating, compelling and yet loving gaze Jesus confronted men and extended both an invitation and a command: "Follow me."

Let us take for an example the wealthy ruler who came to Jesus seeking eternal life. Ws it enough for the man to obey the commendments? No. Was it enough even for him to give all his possessions to the poor? No, though that was this man's particular stumbling block. No, the final word to this man was, "Follow me." But he failed to respond to the challenge and thus "went away sorowful"—joyless. With Christ the man could have had an exciting new life, seen miracles, enjoyed first hand the love of Jesus the Christ, and found real purpose and joy in life. But no, he chose to run his own life, and thus missed *real* life.

"Follow me" has been conveniently overlooked and underplayed by many churchmen today. We have not realized,

(Continued on Page Eight)

The Church:

Renewal In Revolution

---by Wayne Varner

The history of the Christian church has been a series of momentary successes followed by periods of complacency leading to perversion. This was as true for the pre-Christian ages of Judaism as it has been for the Christian church. With each epochal triumph of the Christian church, churchmen have become content and soon complacent. However, with each period of complacency have arisen reformers who saw the perversity of such an attitude. They have striven against the church on behalf of the church to restore its authenticity as that institution which propagates the apostolically inherited Christian mission.

In the fourth century the Roman church found itself involved in the world abusing the social authority granted to it. At this time the church was simply too worldly; not that the church was too much in the world, but that the world was too much in the church. These arose slowly, at first, then massively, a movement to get away from worldly involvements; indeed a rejection of the world. This was the inception of monasticism. The monastic made the familiar claim that there were too many nominal Christians in the church that were driving the church to perversity. Their attempt was, as all movements of church renewal have been, an attempt to recover the simplicity and fervor of the apostolic church. Such a movement was a revolution. Quickly it became an obsession tinted with fanaticism and exhibitionism.

Nine centuries later comes the Protestant Reformation with the same expressions of church perversions as had been made earlier. More important were the claims of the reformers that the church had usurped the authority it held in concerning man's relationship to his God. The sacramental system was attacked as being largely an invention of the church hierarchy. The hierarchy was denounced as not based on the apostolic and scriptural heritage of the true church. Even monasticism which had been a call for renewal was labeled as perversity, and such it had become. So the greatest revolution in the history of the Christian church began, again a movement toward the apostolic tradition.

A result of the reform in the role of the church in Protestant Europe and the concurrent rise of nationalistic states was the seizure of all temporal church authority. The loss was no tragedy for the reformers who advocated a simple church. But a small part of the European church felt that a theocratic form of government was still the authentic political institution, though it be purged of the evils of the Roman church-centered government. These people made attempts to forcefully institute such a state in Europe, and when defeated, came to the New World to establish their own theocratic colonies. Forced with the tasks involved in overcoming a wilderness, the settlers lost idealism and accepted defeat, or at least a success far from previous intention. This was, however, a dramatic attempt in reform which involved a complete change in life style, a revolution.

This brief history contains a message for us who are presently concerned for our church. We see that our church has become complacent. It has too often moved itself out of the world so that it now holds no authority over men, either temporally or spiritually. It has been sitting on the sidelines of life so long, with its leaders cheering for the *status quo* that it is seldom heard and very rarely listened to.

It is no wonder, then, that at this season of perversity in the quiet life of the quiet church, there are those reformers making their voices heard in Christendom in search of renewal. And surely there is much to renew. The cries for change are varied. One voice would desert the churchy structure altogether. These reformers would reconstruct a Christian community committed to the active work of God regardless of social or political opposition. These are the draft card burners, the social and civil rights workers. These are the people who find the Christian mission most demanding and dangerous. These are the radical Christians.

But there is another voice, not so loud and not so glamorous. That is the voice which would renew the church we have inherited. Their religion is more renewal than reconstruction; that is, improve what we have. They see the church as she is, overrun with nominal Christians, concerned for numbers and cathedral-like edifices, competing

(Continued on Page Eight)

Towards A Joyful Christian Life—*(Continued)*

it seems, that while faith is sufficient for salvation, the fruitful and abundant life in Christ comes only through "followship." Even belief in love and service for mankind are not enough. One must have the *power* to love and serve and the *guidance* to know where God wants to use him. Through commitment to the living Christ one has both. By handing over to God one's ego, talents, weaknesses, and future, by placing these in the creative trust of the living Christ, one may indeed come to know the joy possible in the Christian life. In fact, the joy will come almost *naturally* after a time. It will result from delightful moments spent in God's Word, with the living Lord at one's side, so to speak, interpreting truths to the believer through it. It will come when specific prayer is answered specifically as God wills: a most exciting experience! It will come as one experiences the power of the Holy Spirit helping him to love persons who are particularly hard to love. And most wonderfully, joy will come as one develops a new, freer, more unselfish love towards those he already loves—girlfriend, relative, or anyone else.

How does one go about it, this business of commiting? Perhaps the best "formula" is the following: by a specific prayer of devotion to and reception of the lving Christ, by fellowship with other committed Christians, and by walking in love and communing with Christ in everyday life, though He is invisible and though one may at first feel foolish doing it.

So joy comes at a price, and the price is not the sloppy brand of Christian living to which most of us are accustomed. Basically, we have ignored the living Christ clear out of Christianity. We have let the Good News grow stale within our minds and hearts by putting it in the Sunday slot of our Southern fried culture. Forgetting the price paid by martyrs who became lions' meals and human torches, we have feared mere embarrassment or slight social exclusion and have hopelessly watered down the very title "Christian." And then, as though it were not enough some of us have even dared to ask if "New Testament Christianity" is really "relevant!" Is it not time for some of us to get back on the track laid by the Master and his first pupils?

Perhaps this is all a delusion. Maybe the Christian life is not supposed to be such a joyful business after all. And perhaps others have something to offer which is more comprehensive, more powerful, and more edifying for the individual and the Christian community. But until logic and experience persuade this writer to the contrary, he and many, many others will go on receiving and trying to share what we have found to be the most real, the most delightful, the most lasting kind of joy a human is capable of experiencing. Christ extends the invitation as a glorious challenge to each and every person. Who will go away sorrowful? ●

—*Jim Mahaffey*

The Church—*(Continued)*

internally for the attention of people for whom she is not relevant, segregated but proclaiming the unity of all men. Truly the task of him who would renew will be as great as that of him who would destroy and build again.

Possibly the church will have to be called to relevance by those who are outside it. Because of the demands the church makes on the time, talents, and materials of those who sustain its organizational bulk, the church will be called to justify its existence and its demands. And churchmen will be called to be what they are supposed to be.

This calling will require a working definition of what the Christian community is supposed to be. And that is a community of concern, not for numbers but for individuals, a community so concerned that it must act on behalf of those for whom it cares. Such action is a witness to the word of God and at times may risk the social security of the church which is now prized so highly. But risk or not, the commitment of the community is to act, for inactivity is damning and damnable. One day calling oneself Christian will not be so easy. ●

—*Wayne Varner*

Visit

Wofford College

BOOK STORE

For

A Choice Selection of Paperbacks
The Modern Library Series
Slide Rules and Repair Parts
English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Monarch Outline Series

Poster Prints
College Seals and Jewelry
Composition Books
Latest Stereo Records
Wofford Stationery
Fraternity Mugs
Novelty Greeting Cards
School Supplies
Sonic Flite Luggage

—— HOURS ——
Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 7:30 P. M.
Saturday: 8:30 A. M. - 1:00 P. M.

And here's to the pitiful passage of time,
from the day when I, the great,
took it upon myself to assume
about another's happiness,
and took the time to intellectualize it for myself
(so that I might sleep),
and spend the time,
the crummy, crappy time together,
sweating, stinking, and loving one-another,
as far as that would produce.

And the female form,
and the female construct,
being what it is,
naturally,
(I knew it so well!)
took all of this,
threw it in the pot with a long forgotten,
beautiful past,
which incidentally,
was without fault,
and mouth the words,
silently, of course,
"could it be . . .
could it be that things return?"
and mouth the thoughts,
quietly, of course,
"It seems so."

Detection of the loss of fortitude
is unfortunate, dear brother.

The Lie

It causes one to intensify one's aspirations,
'til the entire surrounding,
an entire environment smells like vomit
to one,
and roses to the other.
Still you continue,
for mostly,
the luristic worth,
and the hedenistic charm
that such vomit evokes,
and you come, with one failing swoop,
to the point that you utter
both a moan of termination,
AND a word of encouragement,
which really means, to its source,
about as much as the time it took to say it.

Now who is to stop the perpetual motion,
that manifests itself first in love,
and then in hate,
and then in love,
and then in hate?
And now who is to stop the direction of the crucifixion
of warmth and care,
and basic security,
the final bastion of respect at the fireside,
be it for another,
or more than that,
internal?

—Jon Stanton

American Poetry

Since 1945: A New Look Backward

Since 1945 there has been a very noticable trend in American poetry away from the style of the earlier twentieth century writers. The contemporary poets are rejecting the anonymity of the giants of the early modern era (Pound, Eliot, and Joyce) in favor of a return to personal experience writing.

This movement began with such biographical poets as Robert Lowell. In his *Life Studies,* Lowell seeks to present the modern individual through poems based on his own life. He used his own personal experiences to project the image of the psychologically tortured personality in the grip of the complexity of modern existence. He employs the free association technique in his poetry and becomes in turn the boy observer, the young frustrated male and the mental patient. He is, in the words of M. S. Rosenthal, a "confessional" poet bearing his life to the world.

Steven Spender, in his book *The Struggle For The Modern,* divides this contemporary poetry into three movements. The first movement is characterized by autobiographical poetry of the type found in *Life Studies.* This poetry was the first to reject the mythological element used by the early modern poets. Intsead, it is based on images taken from direct personal experiences. Spender's second category includes such writers as Denise Levertov and Robert Creely. These poets attempt to write in closed metrical systems using the rhythmic patterns of American speech. Their innovations are restricted mainly to form, for they also base their poetry on direct personal experience. The last trend wihch Spender discusses is the use of the subjective image which rises from the poets' unconscious and generates a D. H. Lawrence type of primitive emotion.

Spender feels that these new schools of poetry have lost the ability of presenting the overall view of modern society. Instead, they have restricted themselves to the narrow sphere of their own personal lives and egos. They are more interested in the acting "I" than in the forces acting upon it. Instead of creating a new means of expression, the new poets seemed to have merely revived nineteenth century Romanticism. Some of their writing indeed shows a great deal of the characteristics of Walt Whitman's poetry. He is often mentioned in their letters and his style and sexual images appear in some of their poems.

An interesting thing about the poets since 1945 is that they stick together. They write reviews of each other's poetry, they visit each other and three of them taught at the same college. This would lead one to suspect that the movement is fairly closely knit. In fact, the "new poets" would appear to be only those who belong to a special in-group of writers. While this may be going to the extreme there certainly seems to be a lack of poetry which does not bear the mark of these three schools.

The new poets, in breaking with the earlier modern writers, have not broken with past tradition. They have, instead, revived the style of earlier writers (in a sense a narrower style than the one they rejected) and seem to be more imitative than original. They are only recovering old ground, not breaking new. ●

—Richard Ruthven

Behind The Mask

In the name of god
With fire inside
And serpent eyes
He curses me with voodoo;
With lies inside
He deftly cries,
And curses me with voodoo;
He knows the sun, the moon,
the sky.
In a trance
Devoured in lies,
I join him in his dance,
He curses me with voodoo;
He counts his beads
On his knees;
Chants his rant
When he pants,
And curses me with voodoo.

Two thousand years to
live a lie,
But still we try ,
Until slowly; we die.

—DALE DALLARA

Wanted!!

Your Thoughts
Your Opinions
Your Criticisms

OF

Wofford College
And The Mythical Wofford Community

PURPOSE: to inform the new President, Paul Hardin III, of the state of the college as seen by the student body.

THE JOURNAL will accept your observations of life at Wofford, including faculty, administration, student government, social conditions, academic conditions, etc., along with your criticisms and suggestions.

THE JOURNAL will hold your opinions in strict confidence, provide a bank safe deposit box for their security during the summer, and make arrangements for their personal delivery to President Hardin in September, 1968.

MAIL in your contributions in sealed envelopes or deliver to Harry McKown (Box 977) or William Rivers (Box 1215).

Only those statements which reflect mature and intelligent thought will be considered. Signed articles will be changed **only** with the permission of the author. **The Journal** reserves the right to edit unsigned contributions.

"Letter To A G

to write to you,
is no hardship, but often hard
why can't I be honest with you.

I Thought.
if I can't be honest with a close friend--
of the opposite sex no less
who can I write to.

What's honesty
is honesty something shared
truthfully
Tellit like it is
don't be afraid to let your conscience be your guide.
life is too short, so what is there.

A Waste of Time,
if your father slaves a forty to fifty hour week;
worries about the next penny and the status quo
while the mafia controls the business that furnishes
Dad with his stock. They don't worry too much about the
status quo, they might have. Nor do they worry about
pennies, they might have.
Just Read The Headlines
or
IN COLD BLOOD

rl Back Home"

so what if . . . name anything
In the june days of 1848 national workshops
RELIGION *had already been formed, just as they are*
being formed for the summer of 1968. The
SEX *national workshops brought thousands of*
the working class together. On May 15 they
POLITICS *attacked the Constituent Assembly. The*
National Guard putdown the first attack, but
ECONOMICS *then in desperate anxiety, June 24-26;*
20000 men took to arms. They were joined by
thousands more. Paris was abloody scene of
self-demolition for three days.

in just three days
GOD Can Destroy the earth

the powers of God are the powers of man unleashed.
Unleashed
man can destroy himself totally in three days

I'd like to be smoking pot and having a sexual relation
with you when the time comes

WITH
NO
SYMPATHY *I close*

I thought I would share this letter with you. Maybe you want it, maybe you don't. So what.

This letter was sent unsigned to the *Old Gold and Black* editor who sent it to *The Journal*. We believe it reflects an attitude that is present in our culture and time and therefore of interest to Wofford students.

A Fantasy

The mass of steel and chrome rushes rapidly along the blackened highway, leaving the sickly sweet smell of exhaust fumes for a remembrance in the quiet air. The wind rushes dangerously and rapidly, and then swirls in small, silent eddies along the concrete path. The roaring and the agitated wind subsided as suddenly and as absurdly as they were roused, and then we peeked out from behind the bushes in which we were hiding.

The world began at the bottom of Thompson's dreary, grey fence that then gamboled over the slipping lawns to the laughing lake and was finally defined by the vacant lot on the edge of the highway. Beyond those boundaries was unawareness, and enclosed by them was the reality of a childhood existence. The world began when mother kissed you into awareness, and you leaped fearlessly from the high bed, ready to challenge the new day. The polite breakfast followed with its accompanying array of plates, and the warm, friendly aroma of eggs, sometimes pancakes and sweet, brown syrup.

The warm glow signified breakfast had ended, invested itself into the snug, green coat that you wore to play. The coat, possessing unknown but mystical powers, banished the cold and allowed a bulky form of freedom in this small world. Johnny and Billy were anxiously waiting to play, and for a moment, each was enraptured with the reunion of the life-long companionship. The separation was rarely longer than a night, but separation was a type of each day's death in this world of little men.

Heroes rose and fell in a childish fancy; vast armies and armadas with seas and sails of tossing arms wheeled and retreated in the vacant lot. The world, with its important events, rose and fell in victory and defeat while the lake, like a distant heartbeat, pulsed against the shore in a soundless song of forgotten words but with eternal significance. The seasons' passage echoed the lake with odes that heralded the changing world. The withered leaves formed soft mountains that eventually drifted away, and the snow grew into white fortresses that finally melted in silent struggle with the sun. The erosion of the sun signaled a barrage of life as the summer sun, fraught with gold, brought the green and wet. The once dormant landscape, now flushed with verdure, became a jungle of peculiar mysteries.

Johnny and Billy usually decided which dead heroes were to be resurrected, only to fall again in immortal mortal combat. Many magnificant men rose and perished in the passage of a day; but with the endurance of a lonely night, the world was made complete once more. The plastic armies fought and fell in bloodless battles, sometimes leaving a trail of broken plastic arms and legs as testaments of their ferocity. The wars occurred in irrisistible clashes on the vacant lot. They were as punctual as the light and darkness and as frequent. These slight catastrophes represented the movement of the sun and waters and the sliding of the spheres from a childish imagination, but they were consistent in their occurrence.

Adults sometimes smugly entered this world of the half men, usually to bring havoc to the battlefield with their incomprehensible demands. Sometimes these demands made the world smaller; for instance, the rule of avoiding the black highway that was a barrier between these miniature men and the laughing, blue water. The road was a sterile strip that separated green from wet and men from boys.

Billy, answering the call of the waters, stepped onto the hard, black strip. Then the roaring wind came from obscurity and carried Billy along with its gleaming chrome into oblivion, leaving only a black and red reminder of its presence.

The roaring ceased, and the world darkened. The grinding of the armies halted, and the plastic men, for all their valor, were afraid. The snowy forts and withered mountains were eroded by the black and red, causing warmth and snugness to flee into significance. Billy, trapped between the field and the waters—the limbo between the kingdom and the cross—fell quietly under the ravenous wheels.

The sickly-sweet smell of the exhaust fumes soared like long-lost songs of defeat and victory in the suddenly chilling wind that blew from the silent waters.

Silence invades the fields and defeats the armies, scattering then into the memories of actions. Silence drives the children into forgetfulness until the actions past dim into oblivion. Recognition fades from their minds as the red and black symbol fades from the strip of horror. ●

—Jerry Chappell

Bus Station Magic

The rattling, clanging, dinging
of the pin-ball machines is bringing
Forth wayfarers of the world
into the madness surrounding
The roar of the microphones and speakers
and juke boxes and bench-size philosophers.

The pounding, resounding, abounding
clatter of the voice within the tempting
Ball-box captures passers-by and gradually
destroys the self-presence of
Their own humanity.

The blues, club dues, kids' new shoes
are locked within the steel jaws
And tin plated cash can while the
enslaved slave plays on, each day,
Or week, or night—faithful to his rendezvous.

Time stops while the clock moves
undauntedly, unfaulteringly, laughingly—
Always there, everywhere, watching entombed
fools—the rich, the poor, the old, the new!

A drunkard vomits his stale doughnut
and raisin wine as a pervert in the back row
Slips his arm around a small child
left alone in Pandora's box.

The pick-ups, the put-downs, and
the new born babe whistle their own tune.
The policeman enters with his eyes turned
backwards while bus station madness prevails.

Philosophize, criticize, emphasize the magic
enforced upon the common-dayers:

The enslaved,
The half-crazed,
Of the land of no land
That few understand
But all pity.

—JERRY CHAPPELL

The Darkness Casts Spells

---by Thomas Morrison

I.

I heard the wind, the tide that roared beyond the pines,
And watched the darkness that reached out, grasping,
And desired the moon, wheeling through the swirling clouds.
But when I contained my passion,
I desired nothing but that which I desired—
No substitute, no half-created ghost of my imagination,
But the real person of my whole realities.

I could sit alone for hours, telling myself how wrong I am,
And see all my hopes washed away.
I stand on a hill, seeing my friends below,
And I know they do not see me, for all my efforts.
I could watch my friend turn into a stranger,
Never to know me, perhaps never to see me.
And yet I cannot force the sea to stop
Or the lamp to remain lighted.

An empty face would peer through the blackness of a moonlight;
My face, my black heart.
I watched the whirling light of twilight
And sniffed the simple fragrances of the mists,
Waiting for the time to approach, strike,
And bear the torments of reproof.

II.

Gilt-edged leaves, falling on evening whispers,
Come to rest on the silent hearts of sleepers
Breathing in the early spring of contentment.
I feel the coming of stealthy midnight,
And I feel that hovering light
That streaks above me in the limbs of the rustling trees.
What footfalls follow after me in the indecisive wake I leave?
Or what haunting ghost of past sins and anticipated joys
Is that which I sense behind every bush and corner?

I stood on a plain and anticipated the cry that would rise
From my faint heart. The last cry of my old self passing.

And it came.

I felt new breath and spirit,
And left all my old things behind,
Looked back on the horrors of destructive time.

I traveled with the ageless night.
So intense was this half-dream,
That I forgot all else in my enthusiasm.
I looked again, and saw nothing . . .

III.

They are both gone—the beauty and the beast—
And I am left alone to live with my selfish dust called soul.
All the time I once had—long ago, to make friends and to love—
Was squandered in the senseless wanderings
I excused as living and searching my mind.
But what excuse can I give the swirling clouds,
Or the glimpsing stars, or the wheeling moon?
They alone know, if no one else.

They pronounce my guilt,
They exclaim at my calloused indignity,
And when I turn, they mock my blindness.
To them, I favor a cave
That I might shut out the light.
But I know in my heart that I cannot face my self-told lies.
How used to the sights and sounds of a bustling city
And the songs of revelers was I,
While all the time, all I yearned for was the quiet love
You could give my loveless life.

Oh, how I knew all the times my heart would burst out of pity,
Or all the hours I cursed because of their emptiness.
I would see visions in the day and hear voices during the night.
The silence echoed throughout the caverns of the shadows.
The darkness cast spells on my awakening.
All those things have passed.
And I am no better a person for them:
My yearnings after the throng have not ceased.

IV.

It is quiet now, after the hustle and the crowd;
The night is yet with me as the joyous day is with you.
And because of this, I must part from you and your world.
I cannot stand the mockery and the guilt you have given me
In the midst of our happiness.
I cannot stand the exhilaration and the let-down
I am forced to bear.

So now I must go.

I know, I stood on my hill and watched too long,
And saw a love and friendship
Pass by:
Now a stranger, never to know me after tonight.

V.

Even now do I hear those footfalls follow after me
In the confused and tortured wake I leave;
Naught has comforted me, I comfort naught,
For my daylight has been killed by the beauty of the beast.
My sins follow after, pursuing me
Even in my hour of defeat when I realize
The answer to my life
Must be a question.

I cannot live alone with selfish dust
Or the terrible curiosities I know are wrong.
I have been shut out
And pushed about
Too many times.
I could live with myself
But then there is you.
The parting is as short as the midnight tapers
And so it should be.
I must go as quietly as I can—
I am not worth the noise of tears
Or the trouble of remembrances.
It is your time for the sunshine,
So forget me and be glad that I am gone.

I hear the wind, that tide that roars beyond the pines,
I can see the darkness that reaches out, grasping,
And I desire the moon, wheeling through the swirling clouds.
The torments of reproof will come, I know,
But I desire nothing but that which I desire . . .

—THOMAS F. MORRISON

Sears

Why Not Charge It?

College Men
CAN
Have Credit At Sears

Just stop by our credit department and put in application. Your request will receive prompt attention. No co-signer is needed.

Compliments Of

CAPRI LOUNGE

190 E. St. Johns St.

A WALL

"The survivors there in the province who
escaped exile are in great trouble and
shame; the wall of Jerusalem is broken
down, and its gates are destroyed by fire."
and when Nehemiah heard
he sat down and wept and mourned for days,
fasting and praying.
"O lord God of heaven, the great and terrible
God who keeps covenant . . ."
and Nehemiah
became a cupbearer to the Persian king.
It was the twentieth year
of Artaxerxes
in the month of Nisan
when Nehemiah came down from Susa
with the king's letter.
And he went out
under the cover of night
to the Jackal's Well and the Dung Gate
to inspect the walls
which were broken down.
He turned to the few
who were with him
and said:
". . . come let us build the wall of Jerusalem,
that we may no longer suffer disgrace."
and they said:
"Let us rise up and build."
Nehemiah tells
that they strengthened their hands
for the good work.
But when Sanballat the Horonite
and Tobiah the servant, the Ammonite
and Gesham the Arab heard of it,
they derided
and despised.
Then Nehemiah said:
"The God of heaven will make us prosper,
and we his servants will arise and build;
but you have no portion or right or memorial
in Jerusalem."

—WILL GOFORTH

Tomorrow

I'm waiting for tomorrow.
It seems I've waited for years
or maybe just seconds.
And it may never come.
Why tomorrow?
Tomorrow is the day you come back.
You've been away---
it matters not how long.
And I've been here---alone.
Time and myself---
the seconds ticking slowly off.
One instance, another, an eternity.
I'm waiting for you.
Your arms, your lips, the
warmth from being near you.
The love of our bodies together.
The feeling of life from the way
we move as one, fit together as one.
I'm waiting for tomorrow.
You left because you had to,
but I didn't understand.
Not at first anyway.
Now, as I wait for the dawn of a
new day, I wait for you as one.
You left as two.
Tomorrow we live again.
Just you and me.
Alone.

—E. CAREY SHARPE

First Love

Looking through a screen,
We saw night falling like rain.
The sunset was gray.

And a kind of peace fell like rain,
As sleet whispered down
On ice-coated branches,
And everything stood still--
Too cold to move.

A kind of peace fell,
As purple smoke drifted out of chimneys,
And snow sifted off roofs,
Blown gently by a light wind--
New. Soft. Pure.

—HERB KITSON

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.

Terrace Entrance

Your Fashion Entrance For Men and Boys

HORTON'S CLEANERS

We Are Shirt Specialists

We Rent Formal Wear

146 North Liberty Street

WHITLOCK'S PHARMACY, INC.

(Next to General Hospital)

Complete Drug Service

Tomb

a child
watched the train
pass
alone
he walked home
past an abandoned
church
leaves
slid off the roof
and
fell
around a grave marker
a robin
looked down
from the limb
of a tree
in his
room
a child
his hands
shaking
put down the pipe
and closed the curtains
beyond
the window
acorns lie
beneath the leaves

—EDWARD ALDERMAN

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS
PRICES'
Store For Men
113-115 N. CHURCH STREET
- Bass Weejuns
- Sero Shirts
- London Fog Shirts

"The Most Trusted Name In Jewelry"
KOSCH & GRAY
SPARTANBURG'S LEADING JEWELERS
158 E. MAIN STREET
Downtown Spartanburg, S. C.

For The Students
Burger Chef
Home Of The
"BIG SHEF"
By
Pinewood Shopping Center

Editorial

Hey Faculty, Wake Up!

One of the basic ideas, if not the basic idea behind creating a liberal arts institution, is that all the liberal arts and sciences are ultimately talking about the same things. The different disciplines represented on a liberal arts campus represent different approaches that finally ask the question: Why?

A small liberal arts college, therefore, is a place where a student is or should be exposed to an interchange of ideas between the disciplines, to an environment in which he is encouraged to examine and use the different approaches (such as the literary, philosophical or scientific) to learning about his world and mind. Although the haunting question of "Why?" has not and most likely will not be answered, the insight and understanding gained by an objective and disciplined approach to even just stating a problem and asking this question which inevitably arises, is a very real and important part of the educational process. The trap inherent in the disciplined application of an approach to truth is that the scholar utilizing it will possibly isolate himself within its bounds and limitations (Yes, limitations), and thus narrow the breadth and scope of his own mind. When and if the minds on a liberal arts campus fall into this trap, the college suffers and moves toward what was termed in the editorial that appeared in the first JOURNAL as a "sickly and incestuous death."

If the lack of communication between the members of various departments, especially the lack of communication between the Humanities and the sciences as seen in the conspicuous absence of professors from the humanities at the First Principles Lecture given by Dr. Harrington, is any indication of the success of the trap mentioned above, then Wofford College is moving toward a fulfillment of this rather pessimistic prediction.

Members of the Wofford faculty have long been known and respected for their devotion to teaching and the sacrifice made to continue as an educator in a small college. The role our professors play as educators should be respected. But when a professor becomes so involved in his approach that he does not communicate with other disciplines, a serious problem exists. An inability to relate a discipline to the other disciplines is either an insult to that discipline or person who teaches it.

But an even more serious question haunts me. Is this lack of communication a reflection of faculty members who have become apathetic? Who have stopped trying to learn? Who do not care? This question is frightening because if even a few members of a faculty drop out of the learning process they affect the impression or the atmosphere of the faculty and, in turn, the college projects. In order to have an intellectual atmosphere, the faculty must inspire the students by being examples of active intellect. The teaching experience becomes fresher, more dynamic, and more stimulating to the student as well as the professors, when the teacher is involved in the learning process. An intellectual atmosphere can only be acquired in this way.

Perhaps the best way a person can be involved in the learning process is through contact with other people who have differing opinions and new ideas. Learning is only done by comparing and re-evaluating. The situation at Wofford is an excellent environment for the exchange and comparison of ideas.

The First Principles Lectures offer an excellent place for students to watch the faculty exchange ideas and to enter into the exchange—that is, if the professors would attend. These lectures could either be a starting point from which a true intellectual atmosphere or just a sign of intellectual apathy that will lead to the death and decay of Wofford College as an intellectual community.

—THE EDITOR

BELK - HUDSON

Men's Shops

Downtown - Hillcrest

—— *Presents* ——

- John Cristy Sport Coats
- Campus Togs Suits
- Brae Mar (lamb's wool sweaters from Scotland)

REASONABLE PRICES

CRAFT'S

Quality

DRUG STORES

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

THE MUSIC BOX

518 East Main Street

Records - Gifts

Novelty Cards

MONOGRAM SERVICE

For

NAPKINS - MATCHES - STATIONERY

Coke has the taste you never get tired of.

TRADE-MARK ®

Drink Coca-Cola TRADE-MARK ®

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Spartanburg

GREENEWALD'S

INCORPORATED

Complete Outfitters for College Men

COMPLETE SERVICE

Laundering - Dry Cleaning - Tailoring

Artex Cleaners

Discounts To Students

213 Magnolia Street ***Spartanburg, S. C.***

Rather would I urge a sober and conservative cruise along the shores of fact, keeping within easy distance of the great landmarks of established knowledge and directing our imaginative vision only upon those possibilities which are severely pertinent to the truths already discovered and to the truths that are still to come.

A.C. Alpine Club; Ambulance corps; Mrs. Christum (L.L., be-fore Christ); Army Corps.

EAST
♠ Q 10 8
♢ A Q K 7 2
♡ 8 7 6 5
♣ K 6

The dirtiest book in our language is a quite astute manual in telling people how to earn money by writing.

BOTH VULNERABLE.
SOUTH DEALS.

NORTH
♠ 3
♢ J 6 5 4 3
♡ 4
♣ A Q J 10 8 7

The prevention of creeping pash Inflation is undoubtably worth something.

The middle of the universe is not so simple.

But although we recognize this one negative similarity, we must not con of these other polarities as con historical analogues to the Catholic Pr

Robert Burton was a quiet Oxford scholar who wrote a book on melancholy.

DOWN
1. Heraldic bearing
2. Adjective Suffix
3. Move aimlessly
4. Lubricating Device

The Journal

MAY - 1968

"Light, I shall not look on you
again.
I have been born where I should
not be born,
I have married where I should
not marry,
I have killed whom I should not
kill; now all is clear."

—OEDIPUS REX

He tore away the golden
brooches from
Her dress, that she had used
as ornaments
And lifted them, and plunged
them in his eyes
With words like these:
"You shall not see again
Such horrors as I did . . . "

—OEDIPUS REX

"Life's but a walking shadow, a
poor player
That struts and frets his hour
upon the stage
And then is heard no more. It is
a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound
and fury,
Signifying nothing."

—MACBETH

"Lay on, Macduff, and damned
be him that first cries,
'Hold, enough!'
(exeunt fighting)

—MACBETH

"It was fed by a deep well of
nihilism that many Negroes have
begun to tap. They have despaired
finally—some this summer,
others much earlier—of hope in
white America."

—TIME

The hot summer, they note
has already dawned—three
students were killed and
thirty-four persons injured
during February riots . . .
in Orangeburg, S. C.

—NATION

THE JOURNAL
OF WOFFORD COLLEGE

VOLUME 78 ● NO. 4 SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA MAY ● 1968

"THANKS"

Othello II, i, 43.

During a year of editing THE JOURNAL I have seen a number of things at Wofford that need correcting. I have tried to point them out so that something might be done toward this end. The effect of this effort has been slight if it has had an effect at all. Perhaps this is just the way things progress. SLOWLY! Someday I'll know if the problems I have pointed out, and those problems other people show me, are actual. If they exist they must be dealt with sooner or later. I am not pessimistic about Wofford's future. With the potential that is presently ours, Wofford can and will move ahead. But there are problems that will be solved later that can best be solved now.

I would like to thank Harry McKown, John Stewart, Louis Smith, Will Willimon, and Don Parker for their most valuable assistance in helping make THE JOURNAL a success this year—at least in the sense that Wofford measures success. We printed the required four issues. Now that is a problem

CONTENTS

PROSE

Das Rheingold: AN ANALYSIS IN CONTEXT ..... *Jerry Chappell* 6
THE SWIFT DESCENT INTO LOVE ..... *Tom Morrison* 10
WOFFORD AND THE RADICAL FRAME OF MIND ..... *Will Willimon* 14
LETTERS TO PRESIDENT HARDIN ..... *Anonymous* 18

POETRY

ON MICHELANGELO'S REPRESENTATION OF THE CREATION OF ADAM ..... *Jim Lovelace* 2
THERE IS NO TOMORROW ..... *Thomas Morrison* 3
YELLOW AUGUST ..... *Herbert Kitson* 4
KNOWING ..... *Bill Fisher* 5
WHY DO I HAVE TO EXPLAIN? ..... *William Rivers* 8
COMFORT ..... *Jon Stanton* 9
OF TIME AND FOREVER ..... *Dale Dallara, Jr.* 9
INCIDENT BETWEEN TEIGNMOUTH AND BUDE ..... *William Conrad* 12
THE NEW DANCES (For W.T.C.) ..... *Herbert Kitson* 13
THE SNOW ..... *Frank Morris* 13
SOMETIMES AGAIN ..... *E. Cary Sharpe* 16
MEDITATION ON A WRAPPER ..... *Tom Leclair* 16
REGISTRATION ..... *Roger Bruce* 17
PATHS RECROSSED ..... *Richard Ruthven* 17

THE JOURNAL

ESTABLISHED 1889 VOLUME 78, NUMBER 4

Editor ..... WILLIAM RIVERS
Assistant Editor ..... HARRY MCKOWN
Business Manager ..... JOHN STEWART
Photographer ..... LOUIS P. SMITH
Artist ..... DONNIE PARKER
Typist ..... JERRY CHAPPELL

THE JOURNAL is published four times during the academic year—October, December, March and May—by the students of Wofford College. Subscription rate is $2.50 per year. Advertising rates upon application from the Business Manager. Supervised financially by the Wofford College Publications Board. Professor Howard Pegram is advisor. Printed by The Charles P. Smith Printing Company, Greer, S. C.

On Michelangelo's Representation Of The Creation Of Adam

Soulless Adam stretches his arm,
His new cast finger seeking the spirit,
That hang from Jehovah's nail.
The hoary Lord heaves from the heavens
From waist deep in the celestial cloud,
Unable or unwilling to touch the hand,
And the balance between beast and god
Gasps in that half inch.
Some have said the carpenter came to
Bridge the gap,
But he, too, has rotted.
And in the remains the bride was couched and
Birthed a thousand songs to the
Union never made.

—JIM LOVELACE

FIRST PLACE—Helmus Poetry Contest, 1967-'68

THERE IS NO TOMORROW

I remember those great long times
When tomorrow was so far away,
And yesterday knew no obligations.
I remember yesterday
When the willow's weeping wands dipped
To touch the silken surface of the sea,
And the oak leaves rustled endlessly.
Why did yesterday have to go?
I will never know until yesterday becomes today,
And the ties that bind today to tomorrow are gone.
Those days are gone when we lay in each other's arms,
And when we heard nothing but mist and love.

How beautiful is the night
When the chatter has been quieted,
For now the fog comes and unfolds
The midnight strangers who stalk and roam about.
I wonder who they might be;
But when I hear the moans of sorrow
And the weeping terns on the shores,
I wonder no longer. I know
I must run from the fog, for THEY are there—
I must not be caught.
I have run forever and a day, and I am tired—
Rest seems so peaceful to those who may not rest.
The fog does not rest, but rambles on,
Searching for the hollows in the land.
"Run on, run on," a voice cries out,
And I run, on and on.
How often do they drift and float and shift
In the twilight's gentle hours?
I hear that voice above the night air's silent breathing.
The heaving ground's soft sighs
Lull the owl's soaring flight and the hawk's frantic search.
My search is not yet ended, not yet . . .

"There is no tomorrow after death has had its way.
There is no tomorrow after love has gone away,"
Those foggy voices cry. "Run on, run on!"
And I run from ghosts that stalk and roam the nights and days.
I must run, though I think it wrong,
For if I dawdle by the wayside
There may be no tomorrow.

—THOMAS F. MORRISON

THIRD PLACE
Helmus Poetry Contest

VAN GOGH—
Crows in a wheat field

Yellow August

SECOND PLACE
Helmus Poetry Contest

Yellow August: a
field of corn. i see a crow
and think of Van Gogh

sheep, black-eyed susans,
haystacks in neat piles, a few
apples on the trees

an overgrown field:
a white butterfly perches
on some queen anne's lace

sunset: a stagnant
pool. gnats hovering: where they
light, they make ripples

the end of summer:
tired green, dryness, and dust;
a few leaves falling.

—HERB KITSON

VAN GOGH—
Sunflowers

Knowing

Many years ago,
I was very young;
Suddenly my thoughts turned to the unknown
And my mouth spoke the forbidden.
I had no father nor mother,
Aunt Mary was all there was,
Aunt Mary and her Victorian standards.
I wanted only to know,
But there was none to tell;
I wanted to speak,
But there was none to listen;
I wanted to listen,
But there was none to speak.
I was in a curious mood
Of wanting only to know about myself,
Or else I would surely perish
Along with my thoughts and dreams.
So dear Aunt Mary took me on her lap,
Crying with every syllable,
Tears on her wrinkled cheeks
She told it as her seventy-three years would allow,
With all that she possessed.
Then she put me down without another word,
Leaving me in my world of make believe
Which I could understand.

—BILL FISHER

HONORABLE MENTION—Helmus Poetry Contest

Das Rheingold:

An Analysis In Context

Das Rheingold is the first opera in Richard Wagner's tetralogy, *Der Ring des Nibelungen,* and is considerably shorter than the following three. The four operas are based on the German epic, the *Nibelungenlied,* and, in a broader sense, on Norse mythology. It is necessary in *Das Rheingold* as in all of Richard Wagner's operas, to realize the significance of certain guiding themes, or leitmotifs. Every prominent character, event, idea, and object is identified with some leitmotif or special musical arrangement. The purpose of these themes is manifold: clarification, recollection, connotation of meaning, and prediction. For instance, toward the end of *Das Rheingold,* as the gods enter Valhalla, Wotan, the ruler of the gods, talks about the virtues of his palace as if he will never leave. At this time a powerful, conquering melody, the "Sword" leitmotif surges forth clarion-like. The notes hint at the magic sword, "Nothung" (Needful), that Wotan will leave on earth for his half-immortal son, Siegmund (Die Walkure). The sword eventually becomes important in the hands of the hero, Siegfried, as a symbol of indomitable power. Thus, by using guiding themes, or leitmotifs, to aid in remembering, predicting and connoting meaning, Wagner comes to prominence as a tonal psychologist.

Aside from the use of leitmotifs, the mythology on which the operas are based makes the "Ring Tetralogy" a definitive work of modern mythological theory. The story is a great deal more than one of Puccini's uncomplicated love episodes. It is epic in a scenic fashion. The epic quality gives *Der Ring des* Nibelungen a definite simplicity and grandeur to which Wagner has responded with appropriate music. His music must reflect emotional atmosphere inherent in all of the Norse mythology. The atmosphere is gloomy because the gods know that only inevitable destruction lies in the future. Wagner's music, then, for the most part, is a mobile, heavy, occasionally melanchology beauty. Virtually no sprightliness is evident in the music in the last three operas of *Der Ring des Nibelungen.* The reason, of course, is that the last three works are pointing ultimately toward destruction. *Das Rheingold* is different, however; the gods are not fully aware of their fate and the music in this opera is comparatively light and often seductive.

Wotan is the head of the gods in Norse mythology. He is the god who must be concerned with prolonging life in the face of the inevitable doom. The forces of evil that he fights in *Das* Rheingold are symbolized by the giants, Fascolt and Fafner. The other distinct human factors are the dwarfs, or Nibelungs. The dwarfs are loathsome creatures, albeit excellent craftsmen, who represent humanity in its lowest form. The object around which the action centers is the magic "Rhine gold," from which the opera takes its name. The legend has it that anyone who renounces love, steals the magic gold, and forces the gold into a ring can become master of the world.

The first part of Scene I in *Das*

Rheingold is about as light as Wagner allows his work to become. Three Rhinemaidens are swimming in the river singing short, simple songs about the wondrous qualities of the magic gold of which they are in charge. The hideous Alberich, leader of the dwarfs, or Nibelungs, tries in vain to seduce the Rhinemaidens, and the music, at this point, suits his comic motions admirably. In a rage he steals the lump of gold after having renounced love. In this passage one hears the "Ring" and "Renunciation" leitmotifs. The first scene ends with the Rhinemaidens pitifully bewailing their loss.

Scene I has relatively little significance, except for the theft of the gold and the introduction of the "Ring" motif. The latter is used to impress the hearer with the importance and power that the ring will have later in the tetralogy.

Scene II opens on a mountaintop to the somber grandeur of the "Valhalla" leitmotif. Wotan is looking across the Rhine at his recently finished castle, Valhalla. He had agreed to give his wife's sister, Freia, to Fasolt and Fafner for building the castle. Fricka, Wotan's wife, is against this proposal and prevails upon Wotan to relinquish Freia. The altercation is heard to the background of the "Ring," "Giants' Treaty," and "Valhalla" leitmotifs, which hint at the vague irony of the situation. Though neither the music or the words of the characters convey forebodings, Valhalla, or Slain Hall, has been built. Heroes killed in battle are to go to Valhalla to help the gods fight the forces of destruction. Wotan, then, is not oblivious to his plight. It is strange that he does not seem to be fully aware of the reasons for building his castle upon *Die Walkure,* the second opera in the "Ring Tetralogy." Soon the giants enter to an appropriately thunderous theme to demand Freia for their work. Loge, the god of magic fire, appears and tells Wotan that the Rhinemaidens' gold has been stolen. Unlike other versions of Norse mythology, Loge is, in *Der Ring des Nibelungen,* a compatriot of the gods. The giants seize Freia and say that they will bring her back when Wotan has obtained the gold. Loge then leads Wotan down to the subterranean land of the Nibelungs.

Their descent is orchestrated by an amazing passage consisting of the "Loge," "Renunciation," "Woe," "Ring," "Rhinegold," "Rhine," and "Nibelung" leitmotifs. The "Ring," "Rheingold" and "Nibelung" leitmotifs are used for a particularly ironic purpose in that we see Wotan, the magnificent sky-father, about to steal the gold for his own gain. The two gods see that Alberich has used the ring to become master of all Nibelheim. Using cunning, Loge deprives Alberich of his magic powers and the two gods leave with the ring and the Nibelung hoard.

In Scene IV Alberich gives the ring and its future wearer the curse of death. Wotan and Loge join the other gods, and Fasolt and Fafner arrive with Freia. The two giants demand all the gold, including the ring, and the gods reluctantly acquiesce. Before Wotan gives up the ring, he receives a visit from Erda, one of the three Norns, or fates, who tells him to fly from the ring's curse. Erda says that doom awaits the gods and the orchestra plays the "Woe" and "Gotterdamerung" leitmotifs. Erda's is the only direct prediction of the god's inevitable doom; however, the gods soon push the very thought from them. Fafner kills Fasolt in a dispute over the gold, and the gods see the power of Alberich's curse. Then the music takes on a livelier aspect, reflecting the revived, unconcerned feelings of the gods as they contemplate Valhalla.

Before the gods cross the Rhine on a rainbow bridge, the strong "Sword" leitmotif is heard making the ironic prediction in relation to Wotan. Again, irony is evident when Wotan crosses the river and contemptuously tells the Rhinemaidens to cease their wailings. The opera ends with the "Sword" motif pointing to the future. *Das Rheingold* has painted an ironic portrait of the gods, haughty in the face of destruction. ●

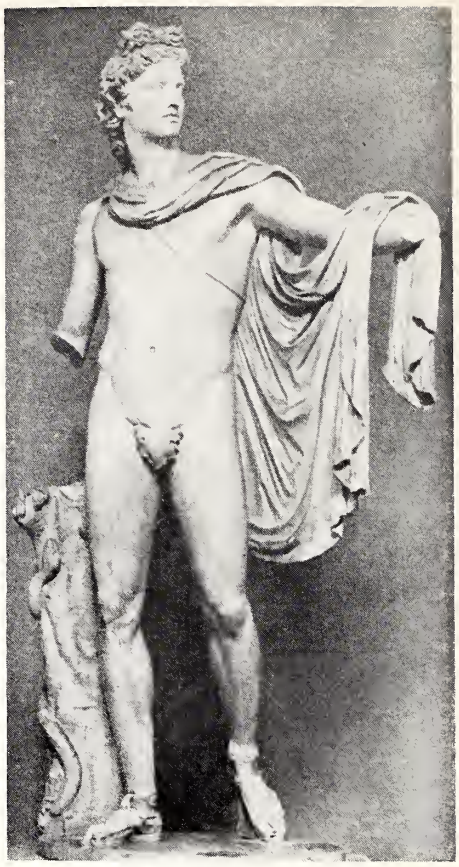
—*Jerry Chappell*

IVY-STYLED FASHIONS
PRICES'
Store For Men
113-115 N. CHURCH STREET
- Bass Weejuns
- Sero Shirts
- London Fog Shirts

"The Most Trusted Name In Jewelry"
KOSCH & GRAY
SPARTANBURG'S LEADING JEWELERS
158 E. MAIN STREET
Downtown Spartanburg, S. C.

For The Students
Burger Chef
Home Of The
"BIG SHEF"
By
Pinewood Shopping Center

Why Do I Have To Explain?



A visit to the museum.
A young girl wonders
How the Romans made love
With a figleaf.

Why should I have to explain?
Don't you see the problem?
Don't you understand?

The young girl knows a little;
Just enough to be frightened
By something she does not understand.
(She was "protected")
And when she is told?

Is honesty a prerequisite to a healthy mind?

Thousands of years of history between two cultures,
And yet no progress,
Because I have to explain.
But why do I have to explain?

—WILLIAM RIVERS

HONORABLE MENTION
Helmus Poetry Contest

COMFORT

HONORABLE MENTION
Helmus Poetry Contest

To the passage of time,
and the fluorescent glare not changed,
mystery no longer walks across the mind,
but in its stead,
the mellow, secure glow
of a well kindled fire, some miles away.

The visits are frequent,
and the coals are stoked with fantasys
of dancing children,
and snow-white virgins,
and frothy people who walk in and out
in grand, transient style.

One and all, and one and none,
with footprints like a trace, left to melt,
left to leave nothing but a trip
back to the ever-so-real prison
of captured emotions, and processed reactions,
to the seducer of man;
his peace of mind.

—JON STANTON

Of Time And Forever

Did you ever receive the feeling that you were
Walking a thin, white chalk line somewhere behind the backdoor
Of the universe and
You were somewhere well hidden between
The time dimension and deep black eternity
And somehow not managing to fall either way
For the present
But hanging somewhere undesigned
Between time and forever.

—DALE DALLARA

Visit
Wofford College
BOOK STORE
For

A Choice Selection of Paperbacks
The Modern Library Series
Slide Rules and Repair Parts
English, Spanish, French, and Russian Dictionaries
College Outline Series
Monarch Outline Series

Poster Prints
College Seals and Jewelry
Composition Books
Latest Stereo Records
Wofford Stationery
Fraternity Mugs
Novelty Greeting Cards
School Supplies
Sonic Flite Luggage

—— HOURS ——
Monday through Friday
8:30 A. M. - 7:30 P. M.
Saturday: 8:30 A. M. - 1:00 P. M.

The Swift Descent Into Love

He sat in the wicker chair, legs outstretched, eyes half shut. The sun shone through the ornate screen at the side of his porch and cast shadows on the checked linoleum. The summer had been fairly mild so far, but now the heat increased as the days passed; they were becoming intolerable. Slowly, he took the cool glass which had been sitting at his elbow and sipped. He replaced it on the table and gazed through the screen into the yard, wondering what would happen next.

Life had just dragged by, picking him up and setting him down again whenever it fancied. College had left him cold—a bunch of snooty eggheads acting conventional beyond description. The army had been just the opposite—mere machines who thought of nothing but broads and bivouacs. After the army, he had gone back home and tried to get a job. That was when he met Simon—when he went apartment-hunting and had to double-up with him. They hadn't gotten along at first, at least until they found out that they both were avid chess players. Simon got him a job at the tailor shop he ran; it was a good job, paid very well, and the hours weren't long. He had been lucky this time; he was happy.

But as he sat there, he wondered what would happen next. Time passes too quickly, he had noticed before, and he remembered the fact now. He let his eyes range over the expanse of trees at the foot of the hill on his right and then over the grassy lawn in front of him. A planter of ivy hung from the ceiling, and comfortably cushioned lounge chairs awaited heat-fatigued guests who never came. He had long desired visitors, friends, to come to this house, acquired after he had earned and saved for two years at Simon's tailor shop, but only Simon ever came. It was all rather a waste, having only one visitor. After work he would wander through the hot rooms, wondering what they would be like filled with people; but a car passing on the street outside would distract him, and he would remember that he was hungry. He would look out his kitchen window and see the sun turn the evening sky a hurt shade of orange. And even when the sun had gone down and the lamps were lighted, he could feel the burning dust under his collar and the sun burn under his clothing. He had never liked television or radio, so his evenings were occupied with finishing the novel he had barely started or reading the newspaper that the neighbor's dog had torn the shreds. He would bathe and then slip between cool sheets until morning brought the heat again. He was lucky, though; he was alone and happy.

He finished his drink, wiped the ring off the table, and set the glass down again. "Orphans just never get the right training in house-hold know-how and everything," Mother Superior had told Sister Ann one time, and he remembered them now; but who cared if glasses made rings on the table?—it was his table. He noted that the ivy needed watering, and the porch needed to be swept, but that could wait. Manana—tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorow.

The phone rang somewhere, far-off, distantly. He awoke with a jolt; asleep again. He was getting lazy, and fat was beginning to obliterate the distinct outline his once-hard muscles had created. And at only twenty-seven. The phone rang again insistently; it must be answered.

"Hello?"

"This is Simon. What are you going to be doing tomorrow afternoon after work?"

"I don't know; why?"

"Well, some of my friends are having a party at the beach, and they asked me to bring a guest. There'll be some girls. How about it?"

"I don't know Simon . . ."

"You're not doing anything, are you?"

"No, but I won't know anyone there."

"You don't need to. Come on, give me an answer."

"Well, all right, I guess. You say you're going?"

"Yeah. See you at work." He hung up.

Why had he said yes? He really didn't want to go. He would have to get fixed up just to meet some people he would never know or see again. But it was something to do. Why not?

The day passed quietly and slowly enough. Simon was rather excited about the activities; he was a little apprehensive. Quitting time, and he went home to change. Simon was coming for him at five, a half-hour to the beach. But everything happened so quickly, and he was there before he was aware of much. Swimming . . . the late-afternoon sun . . . a blonde who had attached herself to him. . . . They took the live lobsters and plunged them into the boiling water. "Oh, doesn't it hurt them?" she cried out in pity. She looked up at him, searching his eyes desperately for an answer. He turned his head when he saw her wet eyes. She wouldn't eat, but stayed in his arm, looking into the water several feet away. He didn't eat either, and he didn't know why. It must be

some kind of game, he thought. "I don't even know her." The rest wandered off to dark shadows to make love; he and she just sat and watched the fire die, and the water flow and recede. It was enough; neither wanted or needed more.

The night resolved into day, into work, routine. He watered the ivy and swept the porch in the morning before work. He had no time for breakfast. The shop had been uqiet before, and today was not an exception. But she, the blonde, knocked on the door as he and Simon were closing up.

"How did you find me?"

"Simon told me you were his partner. So here I am."

He was surprised and pleased at her trouble to find him and to visit him like this. But why him? "Does it matter? 'Why,' you always ask. Don't ask me 'why'," she said. So they had dinner together, but neither ordered lobster. He invited her to his house; might as well give the neighbors something to talk about.

She exclaimed at how neat and clean everything appeared. Didn't look at all like her place on the east side of town, but then, even the east side didn't look like the east side, she chuckled, then frowned. They sat on his porch until dark, drinking cool drinks. Afterwards they went inside. He read her the first chapters of his first novel. There was a long silence; they looked first at each other, and then each past the other. "Well, how did you like it? Did you understand it?"

"I didn't understand it, but I liked it," she said.

"Oh, hell! How can you like it if you don't understand it?" He threw the paper on the floor and watched the pages scatter.

"Well, I don't understand you, but that doesn't mean I don't like you."

He was quiet as he felt the heat leave the room, as he saw the houses through his window dissolve, as he heard the wind chimes on the porch tinkle away in the distance . . .

He sat in the wicker chair, legs outstretched, eyes half-shut. The sun shone through the ornate screen at the side of the porch. The shadows were undulating patterns of heat, less oppressive than before. The linoleum floor glimmered black and white; the wind chimes tinkled in the long, hot wind. Ivy hung to the floor and clawed desperately for a foot-hold on the tiles. Dogs barked, far away. A car passed by in the distance. There was a cool drink at his elbow; it sweated and made a white ring on the table, but he didn't think of Sister Ann or the Mother Superior. He looked down over the tree tops on his right and the grassy lawn in front of him. He didn't think of college or the army; in fact, he didn't even think of the tailor shop or Simon or the first chapters of his novel.

He put out his hand, put it on the shoulder of the figure seated on the floor beside him. Then he ruffled the blonde hair. But he didn't turn away when her eyes looked at him and turned a little wet . . . ●

—Thomas F. Morrison

Compliments Of

CAPRI LOUNGE

190 E. St. Johns St.

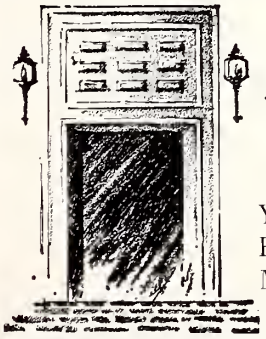
Sears

Why Not Charge It?

College Men
CAN
Have Credit At Sears

Just stop by our credit department and put in application. Your request will receive prompt attention. No co-signer is needed.

THE AUG. W. SMITH CO.



Terrace Entrance

Your Fashion Entrance For Men and Boys

HORTON'S CLEANERS

We Are Shirt Specialists

We Rent Formal Wear

146 North Liberty Street

WHITLOCK'S PHARMACY, INC.

(Next to General Hospital)

Complete Drug Service

Incident Between Teignmouth And Bude . . .

while hiking from Teignmouth to Bude
me espied a fellow man upon a rubicund horizon
treading head-down toward myself.

after some time stopped us eye to eye
his lips saying, "how far to Paradise?"
and i unawares of any village so credited
civilly contest, "'tis beyond me—that is,
i think i do not know."
the strange head fell again, its feet began away from myself.

a dusky and dampened hour more found a lantern
carrying another mortal toward me pacing against a stellar-fair Heaven.
we met—his light dancing before my eye.
"much farther to Paradise?" queried this one also.
and fearing some form of knavery between this and the prior stranger,
i lied: "'bout five k, mate."
he began again, "why do you march away—you were not content there?"
"fool," i laughed, "it is **toward** your paradise that i am hiking!"
the second stranger followed the first.

as i wended my way coastward, my eye looked back from time to time
and recorded the progress of the lantern until it was yoked with its celestial surroundings.
and, in time for a libation i arrived Greenacres.
a faint radiance came unsteadily across the atlantic and brought
two distant images hiking through the moors of my mind.
i pondered where by now each might be resting.

—WILLIAM CONRAD

HONORABLE MENTION—Helmus Poetry Contest

The New Dances
(For W.C.T.)

ecstatic!
like the first man
who stood on earth—
(when into the chaotic void God's light shone . . .
when the dark, heaving waters were separated from the lands
and collected into seas . . .)
feet planted, worlds apart,
arms upraised,
head thrown back,
naked,
bronze,
free . . .
a child under the sun
sucking rude pleasure:

—HERBERT KITSON

The Snow

The snow
Clings to the bare limbed trees
And melts as it touches the ugly streets
People hurry around trying not to get their feet wet
And drivers insanely splash pedestrians
and drive on laughing

Children play in the messy white stuff
Until their hands are numb
And reconstruct the Babel that once fell
Their tower too will fall and die where it stood
For tomorrow it will be warm
and the snow will melt

—FRANK MORRIS

WOFFORD

And The Radical Frame Of Mind

In my younger years, before I became a senile and conservative Senior, a few people at Wofford called me a "radical." I used to like the name. Having read the Education section of *Time* and having a good friend up at Duke[1] . . . I supposed that this meant I was quite in step with the tenor of education. I supposed it meant that I was getting an education despite the fact that I had come to Wofford.[2]

Since then, I've come to understand some things differently. What does radicalism mean at Wofford? I think our radicalism means something quite less than that state of mind which is desirable for an academic community.

In our paranoid desire to overcome our delusions of southern conservatism and backwardness, our radicalism has become an accentuation of those qualities which we seek to overcome.

In our S.G.A. elections, the typical cliche used by all the candidates (at least those won) was "Progress" or "Change." This meant everything from Sunday mail service, to being able to go without socks, to an investigation of Black Alumni Office. That's what I call real progressive, radical reform. Now the S.G.A. can quit being the tool of the administration and be a tool for the students.

The other day I noticed that we now have lights on Fraternity Row. Progress.

The campaign speeches seemed to be a time of unbounded promises, manipulation of the masses, and a disavowal of ever having spoken to an administrator. A candidate's success seemed to lie in the volume of cat calls he elicited from the audience.

We even had an underground newspaper—for one issue. It radically cut the Administration, cut the Editor of the *Old Gold and Black*, and cut publication after one issue.

We had a "radical" Baptist preacher in chapel who told us the same thing the Bishop said. He used "damn" in his sermon and wore a double-breasted blazer. He was a "radical" so we liked him better than the Bishop.

We have an Editor for the *Old Gold and Black* next year who is said to be a "radical." But then his first editorial is a plea for better public relations because "no one has even heard of Wofford up North." They have never heard us but we have certainly heard from them through such superficial interstate transportation of their ideas.

My point is that, though it may be painful to admit, we are still a campus under the sway of the "New Folk" and Senator Hollings rather than the radicalism we so desperately seek. The tragedy is that we feel that the way to overcome our background (southern, middleclass, white, conservatism) is by wholesale transportation of what Duke or Davidson or somebody else is doing. Usually "what somebody else is doing" is superficial and corrupt to start with. By the time it gets to us, it has become pop. *Saturday Evening Post* wouldn't even run an article on it.

Unfortunately, the students are not the only victims of such shallow thinking. Too many of our faculty members don't know what real radicalism is. Perhaps they come from the same type of educational and background as we have. Or perhaps they have their own doubts about the value of the job they are doing here. Or perhaps they lack the intellectual independence to think creatively and to transfer this creativity to their students.

We are convinced that education means jumping on someone else's bandwagon. We feel a need for change and vitality so we elect "radical" leaders whose only contribution to progress is a defunct boycott of chapel. We associate radicalism with a beard or long hair. We deceive ourselves into thinking that radicalism has to do with age or geographical location.

We need a radical frame of mind here at Wofford. It is an essential element in the educational process. The word "radical" is derived from the Latin word *radix*, meaning "root." A Radical is therefore one who goes to the roots of a problem. Unlike our superficial, imitative fads, a true radical attacks the roots of his world. He shakes the foundations. He has that creative sort of intelligence which demands authentic tradition. He never discards the past simply because it is old. He doesn't run about coveting someone else's tradition. He seeks his own roots and attempts to build upon his own tradition.

Now don't think I'm a member of the Committee on School Spirit or the Daughters of the Confederacy. We don't need Wofford alumni who fail to see how shallow the "good 'ole days" of the Class of '36 really was. The radical is honest. He knows that much of his past is corrupt and decadent. But he also knows that his weakness is his uniqueness. He never deceives himself into thinking that he can ever destroy his past or become part of someone else's. He knows that he must think for himself and within his own context.

I am tired of student leaders who set the goals for our student body so low and superficially that it's an insult to our school. I am tired of people who want to imitate what someone else has done without ever wanting something better and unique for Wofford. I am tired of a faculty who gives us pablum from something they read in *Time* and justify their short comings by blaming their failures on the administration or the quality of the student body.

We need radicals who have that mind which only the real scholar attains when he tries to be as intellectually free as possible, judges all things critically, uses the past to stimulate rather than stifle, and is never satisfied with second rate, second-hand imitation. Such a scholar attacks the roots of a question and goes to the very foundations of our civilization to construct a sound, radical interpretation for the future.

—Will Willimon

---

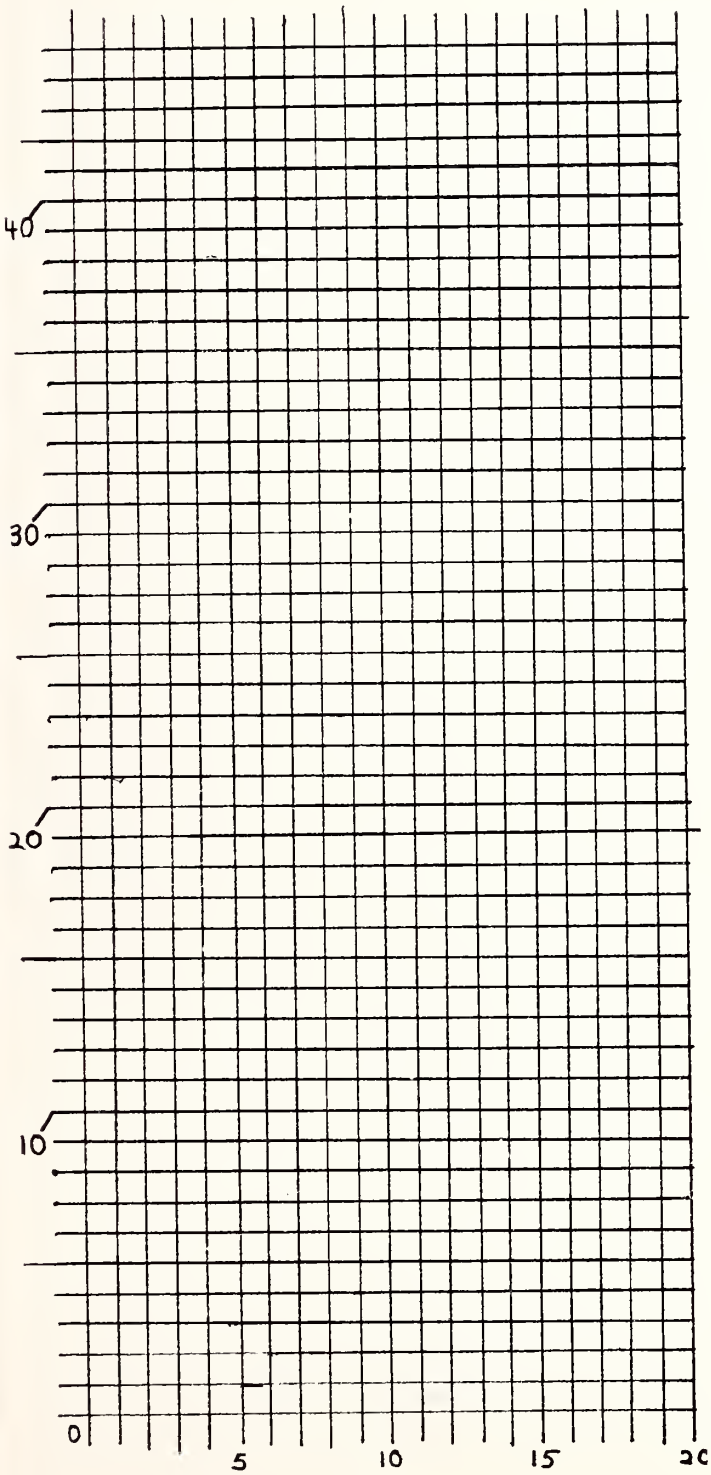
[1]Duke being synonymous with a large, first-rate, liberal southern school which acts like a northern school.

[2]Wofford being synonymous with a small, second-rate, conservative, church-related, southern college.

ART . . . For The Mathematician

O′= shifts origin as in No. 5 O′=(7,22), then the origin is at 7,22.

D= domain of values around the temporary origin as in No. 3 Dx=(−1.6, 1.5) means to substitute in the equation only values between −1.6 and 1.5 inclusive.



1. O′=(8.0, 32.2)
   DO=(0, 2pi)
   r=4(sin(0 −3pi)+1)
2. O′=(9.0, 30.5)
   Dy=(−2.0, 1.5)
   x= −($(y/1.5)^4-(y/1.5)^2$)
3. O′=(9.0, 26.5)
   Dx=(−1.6, 1.5)
   y= $-1/2\ x^3$
4. O′=(0.0, 0.0)
   Dy=(17.0, 24.8)
   x= 10.5
5. O′=(7.0, 22.0)
   Dx=(0.0, 1.0)
   y= −7x
6. O′=(10.0, 26.0)
   Dx=(0.5, 5.0)
   y= −square root of 5x
7. O′=(12.5, 21.0)
   Dx=(−1.0, 2.5)
   y= −square root of $(6.25 - x^2)$
8. O′=(7.0, 12.0)
   Dx=(−4.0, −2.4) (4.0, 5.0)
   y= $1/4\ x^2$
9. O′=(12.0, 8.0)
   Dy=(−8.0, 8.0)
   x= $-1/64\ y^2$
10. O′=(3.0, 26.0)
    Dx=(−1.0, 1.5)
    y= $.47x3-.50x^2+\ 1.03x$
11. O′=(7.0, −1.0)
    Dx=(−5.0, −4.2) (−2.3, −1.0)
    y= x^2
12. O′=(5.0, 12.0)
    Dy=(−7.5, 0.0) (3.0, 13.0)
    x= sin(y/7 pi)
13. O′=(6.0, 0.0)
    Dx=(−0.7, 0.0)
    y= −7x
14. O′=(5.5, 15.5)
    Dy=(7.5, 11.0)
    x= 12.5($(y/11)^4-(y/11)^2$)

(For answer see Page 17)

Sometimes Again

HONORABLE MENTION
Helmus Poetry Contest

Will happiness return?
Hope dashed, remembered
ideas and dreams—tears.
To start again—to meet,
to know, to experience—
but with care.
Days are no longer here,
they flash by.
The light points me out, all look.
I'm going to be . . .

Stop! Destruction. The end.
Why? I know, only too well.
Desire? Not in that sense.
Desire only as satisfaction,
an interknowledge, a mountain.
Well, my apex is culminated.
Completely.

There is a tomorrow.
Total darkness. Total!!

—E. CARY SHARPE

Meditation On A Wrapper

Why should he sweep the dorm—
The floor white boys walk on?
He's never been to college,
Never collected useless thoughts
To impress his friends.

Friends he might have had
But nature saw to it
That his skin was black
And besides he was never
Very smart to speak of.

Nope he couldn't see any reason
To clean up the paper wrappers
Left lying by those young whites.
Something about it though—
Same candy that he eats.

—TOM LECLAIR

Registration

HONORABLE MENTION
Helmus Poetry Contest

color within the lines
in the coloring book
first paints then pencils
filling in the form
given you
color within the lines
filling in the blanks

on draft cards
we stay within the lines
of the form
and become
the "signature of registrant"
(in our personal possession at all times)

Any person who
in any manner
changes
(this certificate)
may be

imprisoned

—ROGER BRUCE

(Answer to graph on Page 15)

Paths Recrossed

Looking through photographs
Taken one weekend
In the spring,
I met two people
Walking on the beach.
They walked close together
With matched steps
Their heads turned in,
As one told the other of the sea.

—RICHARD RUTHVEN

Letters To President Hardin

(In the last issue of The Journal, *it was advertised that in a desire to give the students an opportunity to speak to President-Elect Hardin on the state of the college as they see it, the editors would accept letters and forward them, in one body, to the President next fall. Out of the many cards and letters received there were four that we felt were so reflective of student opinion and attitude that they should be printed. They appear below as they were received by the editors.)*

Believing that man is basically a social being, we want to emphasize to you, as our next President, the importance of the social life of the student. After all, it is not what you learn in books that really counts. In the great game of life it is the people you meet and your ability to get along that determine your success in life.

Therefore, we believe that social life at Wofford should and does prepare the student to get along in the world by giving him an opportunity to mix with other people in a social situation.

Believing also that Wofford has the responsibility of molding gentlemen, we hope that the social aspect of the student's life will not be neglected. The strong fraternity system at Wofford helps to build not just an academically oriented man, but all-around men with varied interests.

We know that you will be a strong friend to the fraternity system and assist us in building a meaningful social program at Wofford.

As a Christian student I would like to express my concern about the religious life at Wofford College. It is up to the administration, faculty, and students to remember that Wofford is a Church-related school and to let the love of Christ live in our lives as a witness to the evil world. Many times certain elements of the Wofford community forget their Christian responsibility and the joy it brings. It is up to all of us to call these people back to the work that is ours. We must insure that Wofford remains a symbol of all that is decent and good in higher education. This goal can only be achieved through our rededication to the life in Christ.

Under your leadership I know that we will achieve a new height of spiritual unity so that we may truly sing with that great hymnist of ole:

"In the Cross of Christ I glory
Towering o'er the wrecks of time."

You don't know how excited my friends and I were when it became known that you were to be our next President. It is good to know that a young, progressive, libral is taking over the reigns of the college administration. With your selection and the present mood of student concern we feel deeply hat Wofford is moving toward this goal.

We have fought for and have attained improved lighting facilities on campus, and have freed the students from oppressive dormitory regulations and inspections. We are presently striving for the freedom to entertain women in our rooms and to free our selves from a stifling mass of rules. In the true progressive collegiate tradition of the great schools (i.e. Berkley, Harvard, Yale, converse etc.) Wofford College students are as you can see, asserting themselves in the struggel for academic excellance in the attempt to build a great college.

We know that you will join us in this great caus

We all recognize that the winds of change are stirring the atmosphere of Wofford College. We also recognize that the success of Wofford in the next few years will be measured by how well it adjusts to these "winds of change." I think I can speak for the whole faculty in assuring you of our support in these troubled times. Through its calm, deliberate, disinterested debate the faculty has attempted to relate change to the Wofford tradition. Rising above the petty squabbles of administration and students the Wofford faculty is capable of acting in the interest of the entire college community. Moving with all deliberate speed the faculty instituted the 4-1-4 program after having seen its benefits. Recognizing the need of both students and faculty for longer periods for concentrated work, we moved to institute the five-day class week at Wofford. Plans are also under way to reduce the maximum course load to 12 hours thus allowing the faculty and students more time for intensive study. Of course, some offerings will have to be dropped from the curriculum but the enrichment of the remaining courses will compensate for the necessary eliminations.

I list these accomplishments not to impress you with our past performance, but to reassure you that when faced with a tradition-bound administration and a radical student body there is a group to whom you can turn whose calm deliberate deliberation you can trust.

BELK - HUDSON

Men's Shops

Downtown - Hillcrest

—— *Presents* ——

- John Cristy Sport Coats
- Campus Togs Suits
- Brae Mar (lamb's wool sweaters from Scotland)

REASONABLE PRICES

CRAFT'S

Quality

DRUG STORES

PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS

THE MUSIC BOX

518 East Main Street

Records - Gifts

Novelty Cards

MONOGRAM SERVICE

For

NAPKINS - MATCHES - STATIONERY

Coke has the taste you never get tired of.

BOTTLED UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY BY

Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Spartanburg

GREENEWALD'S

INCORPORATED

Complete Outfitters for College Men

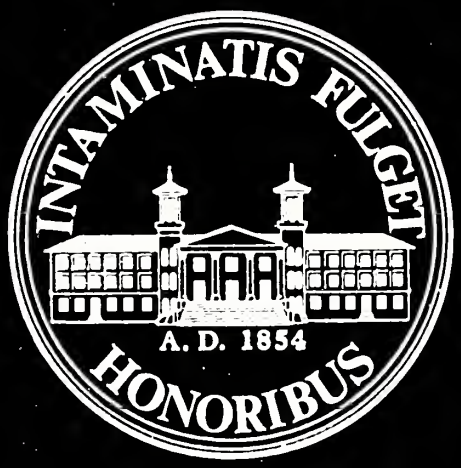
COMPLETE SERVICE

Laundering - Dry Cleaning - Tailoring

Artex Cleaners

Discounts To Students

213 Magnolia Street *Spartanburg, S. C.*



"The issue of violence is to this generation what the issue of sex was to the Victorian world."

—KENISTON